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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 12, 1944
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXVIII No. 2325 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 12 1944

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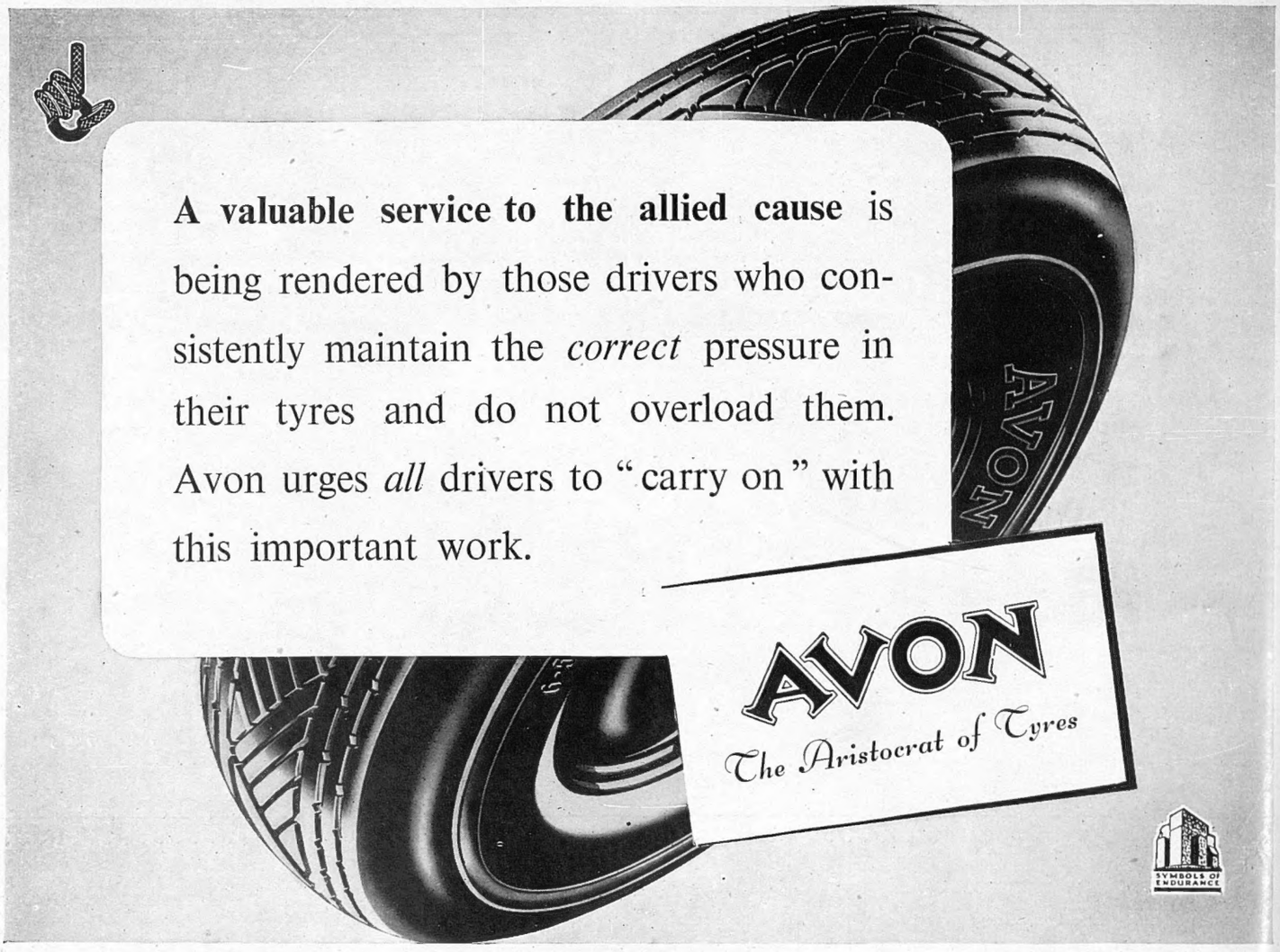

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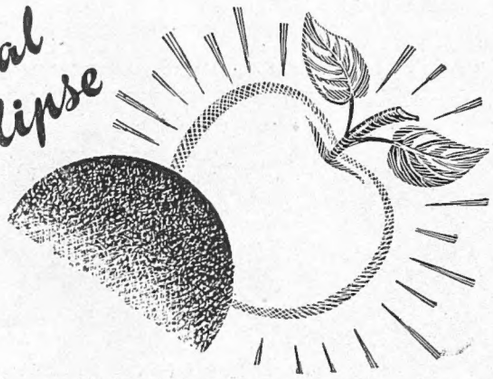

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Beady eyes and missing 'y's

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Volume CLXXVIII No. 2325

The SPHERE, London, August 12, 1944

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE LATEST TYPE OF SHERMAN TANK: IT IS A COMBINED TANK AND ARMOURED BULLDOZER, and is now being used close up to the front in Normandy to clear away enemy debris and demolitions, so that the Allied line can go forward without delay

In his great War Review in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill had much to say about the Sherman tank and the adaptations to which that fine fighting vehicle has been subjected as a result of extensive battle experience. The Prime Minister went on to say that "we have also a number of interesting variants of very great ingenuity which I cannot tell the House about to-day, because we do not know whether the enemy has had an opportunity of testing them and facing them." The above picture has a direct bearing on Mr. Churchill's words: it was only released for publication a few days ago. On to the powerfully built and hard-hitting Sherman, an armoured bulldozer has now been built. The advantages of this arrangement will at once be obvious: under the protection of the heavy gun carried by the tank, and protected by its armour-plating, the bulldozer can actually go into action right in the front line wherever an enemy demolition or obstruction exists. By this means, a serious hold-up might be avoided when our troops are moving up at speed

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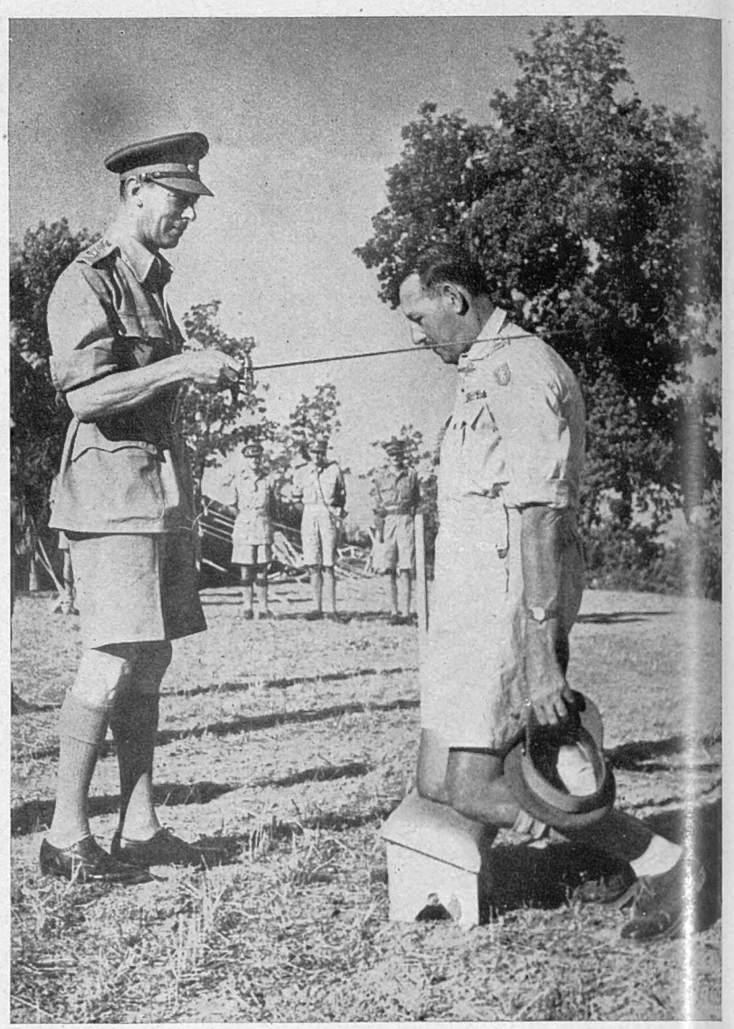
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 258

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

War Review.—I awaited the Premier's War Review of August 1944 with even more than usual interest. Always he has to pick his words. Always the enemy listens in and always there are wishful thinkers at home. He must raise the curtain discreetly. But I hoped for a clear peep at the flying-bomb situation and some idea of the rising percentage of "kills," and some statistics concerning bombs despatched and sites eliminated. I expected to hear, also, that the weekly casualty lists had shown a steady decline. Then I longed to hear the Premier's own views on the Generals' revolt, on the Russian victories, on the latest progress in Normandy; and, on the whole, I expected a summing-up of more than customary (but still cautious) confidence in a fairly quick end. Was I disappointed? Well, Mr. Churchill for once spoke on a day when deeds sounded louder than words. Our arms were signally triumphing in every sphere while he was speaking. He repeated his warning that we might yet face unpleasant surprises and heavy trials, and that we must, more than ever, keep our eye on the ball. But he was clearly supremely confident, and he even allowed himself a brief relaxation in "deriding Polyphemus" (*i.e.*, Corporal Hitler). On the subject of the flying-bomb alone, he did not relax his sombre realism. He supplied us with all the figures we could possibly expect; but he was unable to offer any prospect of relief until the Allies occupy the launching sites-within-range of the bombs, and perhaps of rockets. As for Turkey, I fancy the Turks are hard-headed realists and accountants. I am not in love with diplomatic pressure exerted by big Powers to persuade a neutral to throw its people into the hideous maelstrom. I should be sorry to see any sort of diplomatic or economic pressure applied, say, to Switzerland. But, as I say, the Turks are tough enough, and I dare say know their own business best. No doubt they decided for themselves that the fag-end of this nasty game of total war was worth risking for a share of the light of the Peace Settlement candle. It was a comprehensive and confident review which Mr. Churchill gave us before the long summer recess.

Our Answer to VI.—Our official reaction to Hitler's doodles and rocket threats is impressive. Neither the trial nor the threat have moved us one inch from the course of *relevance* in war. We have continued to destroy with ever-increasing weight the Nazi war potential. What remained in being of Germany's war-industrial cities are being methodically laid in ruins, and all the time every brief hour of flying weather is used to the full for air co-operation with our armies. Indeed, the Tactical Air Force has devised a new technique which portmanteaus the functions of artillery (light and heavy), of the Commando and of the sniper. No German is safe unless 80 ft. underground; no train or lorry or party of "two or three gathered together" is safe from the swift, insidious destruction from the air. It is interesting to examine upon what this relevance depends. As I see it, it depends on one thing only, and that is, the Government's complete dependence on the fortitude and resolution of the people of Britain. Without the slightest tremor of doubt, Churchill calls on Southern England to endure the heaviest trial while a bigger business is pursued. If we were as a people other than we are, no Government could be so strong. The flying bomb is a total example of total irrelevance in strategy. It is a sop to German morale and nothing else. It is a not-ineffective killer, but a quite ineffective war weapon. A weaker people would inevitably have weakened its own Government. The screams for antidotes and relief would have diverted half our war efforts to the flying-bomb menace. Let every Government remember that it stands or falls by the guts of its own people, the common man who must not "reason why," but is called on (and answers the call) to endure in faith and silence. It is the people and not its leaders who win wars. It is the common man (and woman) and the common soldier who win the victories commemorated in the titles and honours of conquering Generals. We may take pride as a nation in this essential truth, as it has been revealed over the past two months. The rewards are to the few; the glory belongs to the many.

An Obstinate Devil.—Man is an obstinate devil. All wars bring out the truth. No war has done so more clearly than the present. (Every hour of normal peacetime existence contributes its grain of evidence to the same conclusion.) This obstinacy of mankind is specially crass in two contradictory features. Men at war obstinately believe they can cow their enemies by frightful threats and fearful new weapons of destruction. And men so attacked obstinately refuse to react as desired. The fearful weapons, instead of destroying morale, sowing disunity and softening national character, stimulate endurance, cement any cracks in national unity and strengthen resolution to continue the struggle. Yet proof of the second feature never curtails the first. What is true of individuals and small groups is true also at least of nations which have virility and reasonably strong and stable government, good or bad—all are at their best when things are at the worst. In times of security, pettiness and selfishness, like weeds in a cornfield, choke the good grain. Men and nations grow soft and rotten in security. The virtues of citizenship flourish in stress and danger. If the Nazis had treated conquered Europe with bare humanity and justice, I doubt if to-day there would be any underground armies harassing their communications and taking constant toll of their officials and soldiers. If they had not eliminated Rotterdam and Warsaw from the sky, I am very certain Britain would never have initiated the bombing of populous cities, however congested with war factories and vital railway channels. The curse of Macbeth, who murdered sleep, has fallen upon all combatants; but observe how far heavier it has fallen on the initiator. That fell vendetta, begun by the Nazis, has grown in fury of riposte, and our answer to Rotterdam, Warsaw, Coventry, London, Plymouth, has proved one of the first causes of Hitler's now certain and total defeat. That answer of ours led to Hitler's riposte—the flying bomb. Our people suffer grievously enough, as did, and do the people of the Reich, but the curse has fallen heaviest on the Instigator. He is hoist on his own petard. It has robbed him of victory and ensured his defeat. All that his frightfulness has done has been to re-cement those cracks which temporary and comparative security had caused in our ranks, and to breed in us, who are slow to hate, a new ruthlessness and determination. At a time when his people had most need of mercy, he killed the last vestiges of pity and mercy in the hearts of the Allies. And we showed man's obstinacy in the other form also. The threats and boasts which two years ago our own Government indulged in as to the coming ferocity of our air assault on Germany have been fulfilled to the letter. But those threats had not the slightest effect, and their fulfilment in measure surpassing expectation had an obviously disappointing effect, in shattering enemy morale. On the contrary, it stiffened resistance and bound the waverers by new chains to Hitler. Wordy boast and threat are still poured out. The lesson is never learned.



THE KING IN ITALY—GENERAL LEESE RECEIVES THE ACCOLADE OF KNIGHTHOOD. During his tour of the Italian front, the King held a series of investitures. In the course of one of these, within sound of the German guns and in the open air, General Leese, Commander of the Eighth Army, was knighted in the manner shown above. Both King George and the General wore the type of uniform favoured by our troops in Italy. The sword with which the accolade was bestowed had been brought by air from England and is the same as that normally used at Buckingham Palace ceremonies. The stool was a replica of that used in London

Stalin Sticks to Business.—That the two chiefs of the Nazi Army groups on the northern Russian front were ringleaders (as now announced) in the revolt against Hitler does indeed a tale unfold which cannot be glossed over. These men best knew the certain disaster which would follow Hitler's order to the Baltic armies to stay put and die fighting, and all their training and military instinct compelled them to risk all to avert so complete and certain a disaster, which has now inevitably come about. Talk of punishment! Could any sharper agony fall on the proud military caste of the High Command than to be compelled to outlaw common sense and all the science of war to satisfy the conceit, or some obscure political fancy, of an amateur in war whose staff college experience was, and still is, no higher than that of a mess corporal? Always one is conscious of the difference between the Russian High Command and that of the German, controlled by this monstrous urchin. It is all the difference between relevance of purpose, and variable whimsey; between brass tacks and showmanship. If Stalin were a Hitler, he would never have by-passed or passed Brest-Litovsk without pausing for a pageant, with the equivalent of a museum-piece railway coach and the official burning of a humiliating treaty. Stalin did not pause at all. He went on, leaving behind what was necessary to liquidate the trapped invaders. If Stalin were a Hitler, his plan would be made to conform to a "counter-Tannenberg," for the sake of showmanship. But Stalin is not a Hitler, nor an amateur, and his Marshals are not bound hand and foot to his intuitions and whims. They do not revolt against his broad strategy. They carry it out. And though he *is* a great showman, he is so ruthless and sensible a realist that he reserves his shows until the fruits of victory are ripe and the game actually "in the bag." There is here a lesson we also might learn. Democracy, even in war, must be pandered to. We must all be in on the ground floor when the new issue is launched. It is sometimes hard on our Generals in the field and on the fighting troops that so many war correspondents and pen-strategists should have as their function the trumpeting of break-throughs before victory is won. The Caen-Orne attack is a fair example. We were told, only to be bitterly disappointed, that our armour was streaming across the plain so favourable to tank warfare. It was quite untrue, and the reaction was hard on our armies in Normandy. We might take a leaf out of Stalin's book and let the Germans announce our victories until those victories are "in the bag." "Democracy" might sacrifice its "rights" to that extent, in order to help our Generals and our troops.

Weather Parallels.—July 1943 was, oddly enough, a month of persistent mist. At the latter end of it, I note that every day the sun struggled until about midday to dissipate the mist, which gathered again at sundown. July 1943 ended in a heat-wave and thunderstorm and afforded us 2·61 inches of rain. It is curious that July 1944 produced exactly the same total of rain to a decimal point—2·61—and that the sun, a trifle less strong, fought even more unavailingly with the everlasting mist. By the end of July we have struggled up to 10·80 inches of rain, 75 per cent. less than it should be on ten years' average. I do not recall a more damnably depressing and disappointing June to July period since I took note of weather conditions. The sun struck work and sabotaged the war effort at home and abroad.

THE OLD STAGER

A SHERMAN TANK LOADED WITH BRITISH INFANTRYMEN PASSING THROUGH THE DEVASTATED STREETS OF CAUMONT in pursuit of the retreating Germans. This is now the traditional method of advance for the fighting men. The picture was taken just after the opening of the great offensive by General Montgomery's army to the south of Caen

THE ADVANCE OF THE TANKS

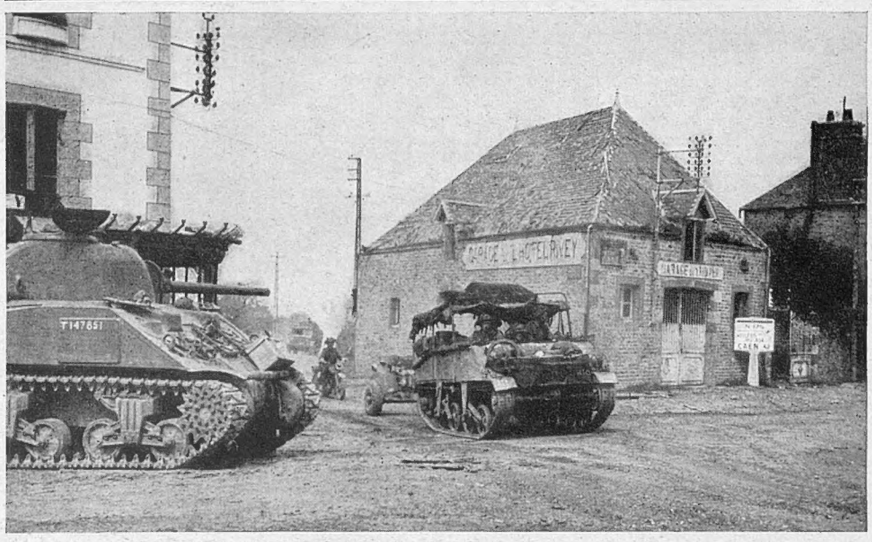
Two Striking Pictures from Normandy Showing the Forward Movement of British and American Armour in the Normandy Battle Area

After the Americans had begun their big offensive at the southern base of the Cherbourg Peninsula, General Montgomery launched his forces southwards from Caumont. And thus the two Allied armies carried out a double movement against the Germans—with immediate results. Soon the Americans were pushing on in the direction of Brittany to the west, and the British were advancing in considerable force towards the south of Caen. In both offensives Allied armour played a big part. Mr. Churchill in his most recent war review paid particular attention to the role of the tank in modern warfare: the two pictures given here (both taken during the last few days) show these great fighting vehicles in action.

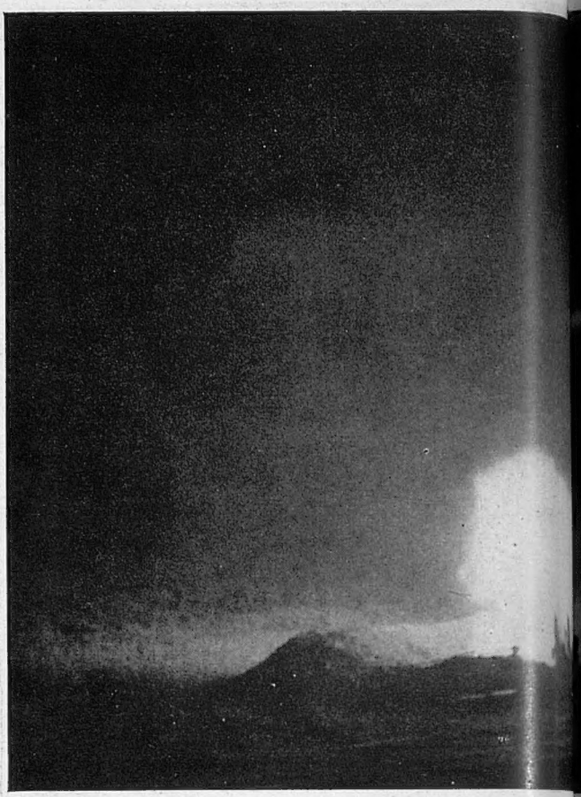
THE METHOD BY WHICH THE AMERICAN TANKS ADVANCED THROUGH THE HEDGEROWS AND ALONG THE ROADS on their way south towards Brittany. This picture was taken to the west of St. Lo, and indicates one of the reasons for the great speed with which the forward movement was carried out. In order to speed up the advance, the tanks went ahead in line abreast, taking the ditches and rough patches in their stride. This rapidity of movement allowed our Allies to take the Germans by surprise in many places and to secure big numbers of prisoners

FIRST PICTURES of the NEW BRITISH ATTACK

—The Advance by General Montgomery's Army on a Seven-Mile Front at Caumont



AFTER THE ATTACK HAD OPENED—a scene in the newly-captured village of St. Martin des Besaces. A Sherman tank stands on guard as carriers and infantry pass through. In the attack beyond Sept Vents, finally cleared of the Germans on July 30, the infantry pushed along the main road towards St. Martin des Besaces. Although isolated elements reached the town by midday, the road was denied to the main advance by German tanks and artillery on the western slopes of Hill 309. Eventually, these enemy elements were neutralised, and infantry, riding on the backs of the tanks, reached St. Martin in force, where they consolidated and then began to deal with the enemy resistance on the British flanks



HOW THE NEW BRITISH DRIVE TO THE SOUTH OF CAEN lit up the battlefield, while a searchlight probed the sky in s

WAITING FOR THE ORDER TO ADVANCE: The crowded scene in a Normandy lane, to the south of Caumont, as our carriers and infantry prepared for the new attack, which opened on the morning of July 30 and which resulted in an advance of eleven miles

When the new attack opened in the Caumont sector, it was found that the Americans who had been holding the line in this area had been secretly replaced by British troops. The advance was led by 1,000 R.A.F. Lancasters and Halifaxes, which bombed from 2,000 ft. below heavy clouds, and the initial gains consisted of up to four miles along a seven-mile front. Famous British infantry units, supported by tanks, swarmed into the wide valley south of Caumont against comparatively light German resistance and battered at the enemy bulge created by the sweeping American offensive to the west. Hundre of guns battered the German positions among the tangled country, while great fleets medium, light and fighter-bombers kept up their attacks all day after the sun had brok through. By the end of the first day, our men were four miles south of Caumont still advancing: a number of villages had been captured, and heavy fighting was going at many points. The pictures reproduced on these pages are the first to reach Engl

PRECEDED BY A HUGE MONTGOMERY BARRAGE. The scene by night as the flashes from the guns—which included "Long Toms," 5·5-in. and 155-mm. artillery—of enemy raiding aircraft. The recent British-Canadian offensive in the Caen area was preceded by an all-night artillery bombardment of specified points, gun and mortar positions and machine-gun nests held by the Germans. The barrage was a "Montgomery Special," and was a most shattering concentration of all kinds of artillery. For five hours the gun-flashes lit up the battlefront: enemy planes attacked the gun sites during the bombardment. Just before dawn the infantry pushed forward, to meet with stubborn enemy resistance, and heavy fighting took place for the possession of a series of commanding ridges. It was after this assault that the newest advance was launched at Caumont over a seven-mile front

A STREAM OF BRITISH INFANTRY AND ARMOUR moves forward for the new attack. The battlefield consisted, in the opening stages, of the six-mile-wide valley which lies to the south of Caumont

A SCENE IN THE TOWN OF CAUMONT: A German shell sends up a cloud of smoke and debris in the battered main street less than a minute after a British Bren-carrier had passed this very point

THROUGH THE RUINS OF A HOUSE IN CAUMONT, a mobile Bofors gun is firing at the Germans in the open country beyond. This picture was taken just after the new attack opened

A 6-POUNDER ANTI-TANK GUN OUTSIDE CAUMONT VILLAGE. Note the German armoured car on the left, knocked out by this same gun before it had taken up its position

THE STRUCTURE IN THE PAS DE CALAIS BELIEVED TO BE CONNECTED WITH THE GERMAN ROCKET-BOMB THREA A view taken before the daylight attack by R.A.F. heavies on July 17. It was secured by a rece naissance Mosquito from a very low level, and shows the considerable nature of the excavations of the s

THE ROCKET BOMB?

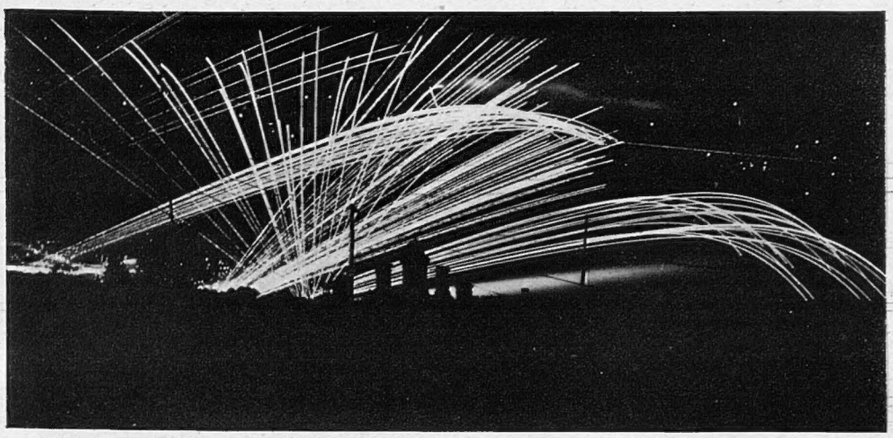
Is It to Follow on the Flying Bomb?

—Two Special Pictures of a Pas de Calais Target

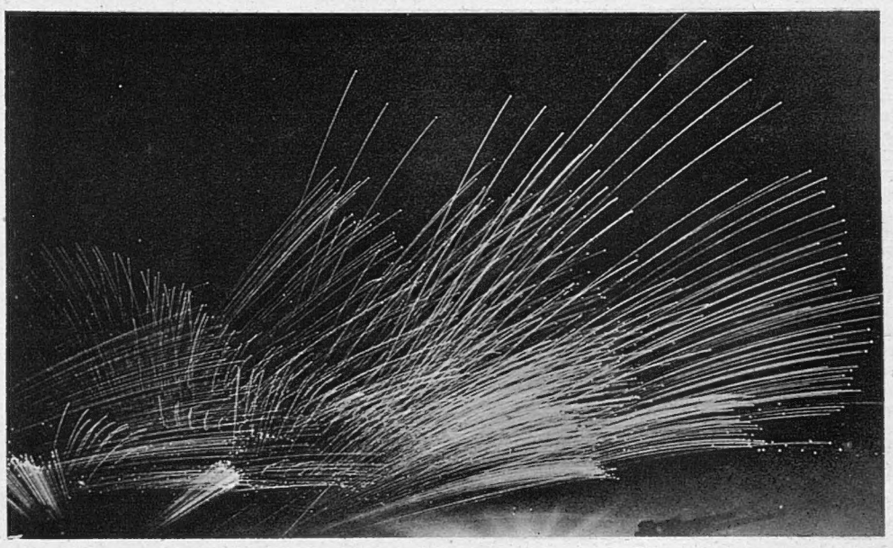
Speculation still continues about Germany's next "secret weapon." The flying bomb has been with us for some weeks: now the Germans are "making our flesh creep" with talk about V 2—the rocket bomb. In last week's issue we published pictures of a Pas de Calais target attacked by R.A.F. "heavies" on July 17 and July 20. Here we give further pictures of the same target, taken by a reconnaissance Mosquito at ground-level. It is located in the same district as the flying-bomb bases, but is a large concrete structure believed to be connected with the enemy's threatened use of long-range rockets. The works are built at the edge of the quarry seen in the big picture above: mainly they are underground, with several tunnels leading up to them and topped by a massive concrete dome. In the July 17 attack (as stated last week) two, and possibly three, 12,000-pounders burst right on this target: as a result much of the cliff face collapsed and a great deal of the concrete structure round the dome was affected. On July 20, a further attack was carried out by Bomber Command, when the main targets were the machinery, railways, etc., needed to bring up raw materials to repair the damage created by the first attack. Some of this damage is indicated in the photograp reproduced on the right, taken by a very low-flyi British reconnaissance plane.

***On right*—A NEAR VIEW OF THE TARGET from a aircraft flying below the top of the quarry.** It sho the blocked entrance to the tunnel—1. A great subsidenc has taken place below the concrete dome. Three of the co crete piers which were supporting it can now be seen— In 3, the square concrete structure is now leaning over to t right, and the cliff below it has given way. 4 shows that t crane has gone and is now lying on the floor of the quar

DETAILS OF THE FLYING BOMB REVEALED BY SHOT-DOWN SPECIMENS. *On left*—The tail of the pilotless aircraft after it has been detached from the rest of t missile. *On right*—This curious object is a steel sphere, covered with wire for protection, which contains the compressed air necessary to drive gyroscopes by means of which the flying bomb is controlled



FROM THE SOUTH COAST : A picture taken during a terrific barrage put up against a flying bomb. The trail of the latter can be seen clearly as it approaches the barrage, with shells bursting all around it and tracers picking out the track. This missile did *not* get through. During the same night that this specimen was shot down, a number of others also fell to our waiting anti-aircraft guns



ANOTHER STRIKING EFFECT as the anti-aircraft guns opened up against a flying bomb bound for London. People living in the city area should be gratified to know that very many of the missiles are shot down by the guns long before they near their principal objective

ALL SORTS OF ENDINGS FOR HITLER

A Discussion of the Possible Methods Whereby the Evil Genius of Germany May Disappear at the End of the War. By FERDINAND TUOHY

BESIDES removing the Führer's pants and singeing the back of his head, that pancake mine must have set people in many latitudes speculating afresh as to the manner in which this ghastly comedian will eventually remove himself or be removed.

Hitler is rich in the sense that few mortals would appear to have had such a quiverful of possible endings. Most of us have only one or two in the offing, usually natural causes or accident. This man may have any one of seven or eight different endings reserved for him, and I have no doubt that other solutions can be added to my collection.

The most popular current notion, that he will be assassinated, sends one musing: How? and By Whom? As to means, the infernal machine has been first favourite and looks like holding its place, so ungetatable does this man otherwise make himself. As to the striking hand, half-a-dozen agencies suggest themselves. There is the member of Hitler's entourage, either genuinely sickened and repentant or trying to buy his way to safety. Or the deed might be done by a creature of Himmler's, who would report "a tragic accident." Again, what of the resolute soul with someone to avenge? Of the patriot out to rid Germany of her biggest curse? That's four. Fifthly, one thinks of the person having suffered dreadfully at the hands of Nazidom; and sixthly, of a returned soldier maddened by sudden revelation.

Militating against assassination, which many think too good for Hitler and liable to leave a touch of martyrdom—though surely a lot depends on the striking hand — supposing a kitchen-maid put poison in his cream-puffs—anyway, militating against the bumping-off business are Hitler's close and unceasing, athletic bodyguard of trigger-fingers, the free employment of doubles, the complete surprise and secrecy with which this man invests his comings and goings, and the increasingly withdrawn nature of his life. He doesn't even any longer risk decorating other than picked officers.

Then about the suicide theory. In the past, Hitler carried a small automatic pistol in his inside breast-pocket, and it was bruited that he did so more for suicide than for self-defence. An incident to which Goebbels has testified gave rise to this belief. Hitler, it seems, meditated suicide if the crucial election of 1932 turned against him. "If the party ever falls to pieces," he then said, "I will end it all in three minutes with a pistol shot."

Why the three minutes one may well ask? It doesn't take three seconds to fire an automatic.

Personally, I do not see Hitler in this role. Twelve years ago, maybe, he might have pondered it. But he hadn't then ascended Olympus. Divinities don't descend to such mortal acts. One visualises Hitler hunting up suicide heroes of history—and finding some difficulty. Nero, Boulanger. Prototype Bonaparte ducked it at Fontainebleau. How would generations unborn of Hitler Youth react to a suicide's memory?

Rather should the stigmas of cowardice and evasion attaching to suicide (often, be it said, quite impertinently and wrongly so) cause the Head of the Herrenvolk to keep his hand out of his breast-pocket if he still keeps the instrument of temptation about him. Egomaniacs rarely condescend to make themselves scarce, and the one clear case in which Hitler might do so is if they did a Roehm on him. By which I mean, what this man himself did with his best friend. You remember how he placed a loaded revolver on the table in front of Roehm in the Munich cell and how Roehm refused for twelve solid hours to use it?

Now we come to a lighter yet engrossing prospect. Of Hitler doing a vanishing trick—preferably in the direction of Central or South America, by air or travelling à la Crippen with faked appearance and passport.

The ingenious theory is heard that a fleeing Führer could not only leave doubles behind him to put would-be pursuers off the scent, but that he could also find a plastic surgeon to alter his putty features. Then who would recognise him, say, in the Argentine, where, well in funds, he could sink himself in the immense local German "colony" while a myth grew up about him throughout the universe. If a Colonel Fawcett could develop a myth by disappearing up the Amazon, what price a Hitler! The latter might even collect a bodyguard from the *Von Spee* crew, who owe him their lives.

I confess I am strongly addicted to the foregoing solution as being calculated to appeal to Hitler's dramatic sense and clinging to life. What more telling move, in effect, than for him to become an historical mystery in our time? Added to which, future circumstances might conceivable open a way back to Germany, an astounding re-entry putting Napoleon's return from Elba in the shade and, if for that reason only, exerting a powerful attraction over the Führer.

A South American vanishing does look feasible, and one fails to see why Hitler should reject it in favour of a beleaguered Japan. So sea-sick a one might not even survive the U-boat voyage thither.

Next comes a Hitler dénouement which is seldom computed. What if he should choose to surrender himself to one of the Allies? Not, like Bonaparte, in the hope of receiving lenient treatment as a brilliant opponent and former Chief of State. There could be no chance of Hitler ever persuading even Lord Simon of the purity and essential necessity of his mass killings. "Guilty" it would be. Yet, ere that word fell, what a harangue the prisoner could mouth, hours, days of it, indicting nations, things and men, giving bellowing rein to all his phobias, with an entire world listening for the last time. What a legacy his words could be for all his followers and for that Hitler Youth unborn!

I don't believe he'd do it for all the final stage-holding it would bring. But supposing he did? The question then would arise: Guilty—but what then? That is not an ending, and three means of disposing of the prisoner would offer: he could be hanged or shot, interned in a private asylum, exiled for life to a remote spot. Seeing what happened to Hess in captivity, Hitler might really qualify for an asylum, and there are those who think it would be a fitting commentary (Mr. Wells once suggested that Hitler and Mussolini should be sent round the world in a glass case). On the other hand, the creation of a new St. Helena legend is widely recognised to be unwise, although I *have* heard voices in favour of the Andamans.

These people hold that the Indian crime depot would be a wiser and more suitable solution than hanging. However, there are still other possibilities:—

The Führer could get himself killed in battle at the head of his Bodyguard Regiment, though the sands may be running out. The Kaiser, you may recall, talked a great deal about this form of exit during his last three days as a crowned head. Whatever else may have put him off, Hindenburg said the Army wouldn't follow its Emperor, so how could the latter die at its head? That must have been a most comforting thought in the train from Spa to Holland. As to Hitler, there is some mystery attaching to his Iron Cross courage of nearly thirty years ago. If he won the award at all, it was only after four years spent chiefly as regimental runner.

Hitler may have another soldier's end in view for himself.

Should the worst befall, he has pictured himself "fighting on in the mountains with the faithful, like Andreas Hofer." This is rather hard on the Sandwirth and, moreover, I see no point of resemblance in the two stories up to the present time. When a peasant innkeeper in Tirol, Hofer objected periodically during fifteen years to Austrian Franz-Joseph making over Tirol now to France, now to Bavaria. Rising from a sharpshooter and militiaman, Andreas beat both foreign invaders more than once; but always he was let down by his Emperor. Finally, the Italians found his hide-out and shot him—at Napoleon's command, it was said, though this was energetically denied.

Hitler may imagine he would resemble Hofer because the setting for his hide-out would be approximately the same—the Austrian Dolomites—but few others would be smitten by any resemblance. Yet this solution is not to be scoffed at, in view of the preparations which the Nazis are known to be making to carry on an extended German copy of the *Maquis*, rooted in wild mountain country not so far from Berchtesgaden, but reaching for support far beyond the confines of Germany.

This will be the "past-midnight" struggle which Hitler has coined. But he might deem it more sage not to risk almost certain death or capture in the hills with his faithful. He might think it a more paying proposition to go underground in Germany itself, as countless Nazis intend to do, with the intention of keeping the movement alive until (they fancy) it is able once more to break surface. Here again, plastic surgery would serve well, and the Führer's continued survival out of sight in Europe would unquestionably operate as a powerful spell over very many.

I conclude with a mode of passing never mentioned in Hitler's connection: that he should die in his bed of natural causes. At fifty-five this man is not a good life. Outwardly sturdy enough, he is a neurotic mess of brooding and brainstorms, and something is amiss with that dangerous part, his throat. First-hand accounts tell how he changes appearance, and General Hoffmeister, who saw him in May, reports that "Hitler looked sick. His face was swollen, his voice low and his speech confused." Such as he might easily have a stroke.

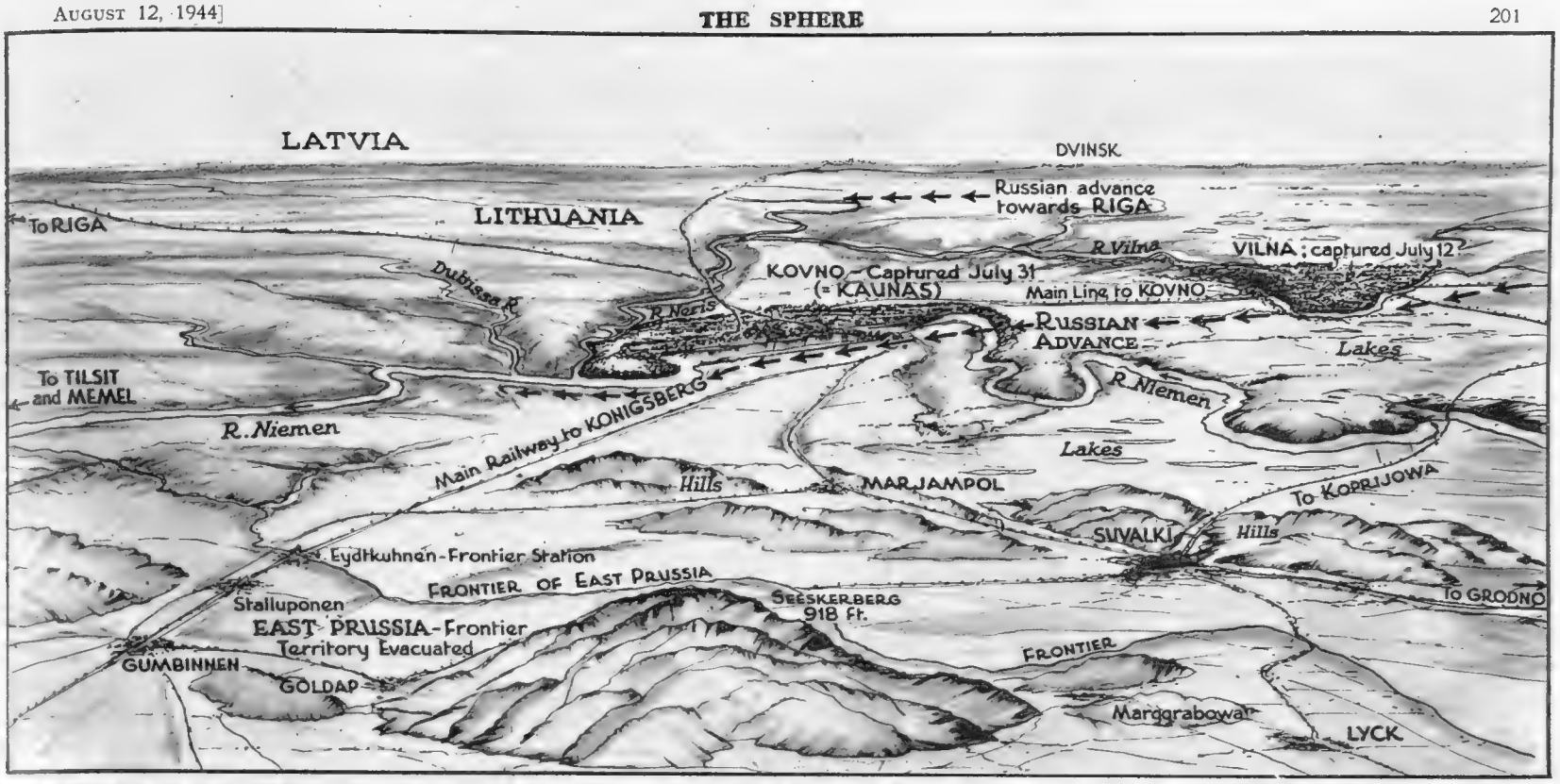
Still, this man will have to look sharp if he wants to die in his bed.

HITLER WITH HIS CHIEF-OF-STAFF—or, Who Can The Führer Trust? The man facing Hitler in this picture is General Zeitzler, who replaced Halder when the latter became critical of the Führer's intuition. It is now suggested that Zeitzler, in turn, has revolted against Hitler and that he was one of the ringleaders of the German Generals! Between Hitler and Zeitzler in this picture is bustling Albert Speer, Minister for Munitions and successor to Todt

A VERY NERVOUS HITLER FACES HIS GENERALS. This meeting was called, so it is declared, to discuss the progress of the war with Russia. No wonder the Führer looks nervous! Göring is on the left, Admiral Doenitz next to him and Field-Marshal Keitel in the centre

THE MAYOR WHO IS "WANTED": Karl Goerdeler, Mayor of Leipzig and a prominent figure in Nazi Germany, is wanted by the Gestapo for his part in the attempt on Hitler's life. The price of £50,000 has been placed on his head

GENERAL BUSCH COMMITS SUICIDE: Model Succeeds as Commander of East Front. It is reported that Marshal-General Busch, Commander of the German Army Group fighting on] the central sector of the East Front, has committed suicide after undergoing a third degree at Hitler's headquarters following the General's conspiracy against the Nazis. General Model, it is said, has succeeded him



THE APPROACH TO EAST PRUSSIA: The historic road from Vilna to Kovno (also known as Kaunas), which leads to the nearest German territory on the Russian line of advance. This scene is taken from one of the hills, which here breaks up the general flatness of the plain lands near the frontier—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The capture of Vilna drew special attention to this northerly section of the Russo-German battle-line. East Prussia, actual German territory, was obviously threatened. The route of the advancing Russians lay through Vilna to Kovno, both historic capitals of particular interest. From Vilna the Russians pressed on to Kovno, on the broad Niemen River. In the above view the two cities are seen in the middle distance, with the frontier district of East Prussia in the foreground. The intervening country is rather different from the general conception. The presence of great numbers of lakes is emphasised by descriptive writers; there are, however, several groups of hills which break the general flatness of the surrounding plains. The isolated hill, Seeskerberg, east of Goldap, rises to over 900 ft.—a surprising height for this district. Other hills lie around Suvalki and near the main railway line to Konigsberg. The rivers, too, are deeply cut, so that the country offers many natural impediments to an advancing army. The Niemen has, in spite of all difficulties, been crossed by the Russians in the Grodno area—to the right of the above view

MARSHAL CONSTANTINE ROKOSSOVSKY, Commander-in-Chief of the First Belo-Russian front, planning a new operation. Tall, handsome, calm and young, he is Russia's most recently-appointed Marshal and amongst the most popular military figures in the Soviet Union. He has never failed yet! He has taken part in all the vital battles on the Eastern Front, from the defence of Moscow to the advance on Warsaw, and is still in the forefront of battle

THE RUSSIANS SWEEP ON

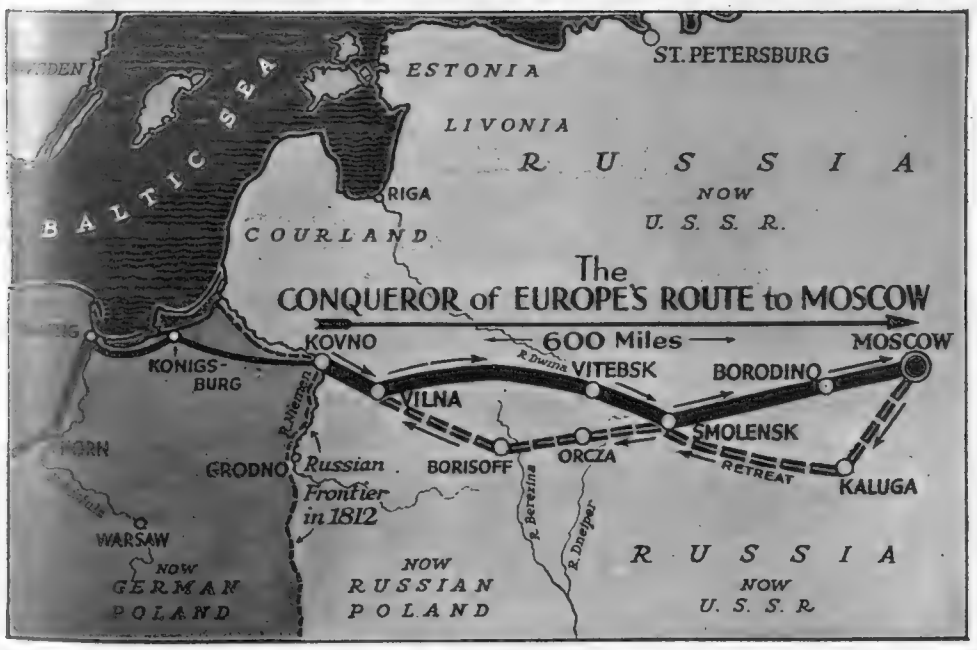
Driving Forward along "Napoleon's Road" into East Prussia

During the last week of July the Red Armies swept the Germans reeling back from their strongholds and lines of defence. Strongly-fortified cities fell to them—Lvov, Brest-Litovsk, Bialystok, Kaunas and Dvinsk—and openings were made threatening to cut off the German armies in the Baltic Republics, bringing them dangerously near to the frontier of East Prussia, and right across the Vistula, south of Warsaw. This great achievement along a front of 750 miles, from the Baltic to the Carpathians, was the result of clever strategy and massed material at the weak spots in the enemy's line. The German High Command had been misled into thinking that the main thrust of the summer campaign would be in the south, through Rumania and the Danubian Basin. Not having enough reserves to hold the whole line strongly, they had contented themselves with fortified centres in the northern section, with loosely-held lines between them.

When the Russians opened their campaign on June 23 it soon became clear that they were making five great thrusts into the heart of Germany. They pressed towards Dvinsk, aiming for Riga; towards Vilna, en route for Kaunas, Tilsit and Memel; towards Grodno, close to East Prussia; towards Brest-Litovsk, in direct line for Warsaw; and Lvov, called the "Gateway to Berlin." Vilna was the first city to fall, on July 12, recalling the disastrous retreat of Napoleon, whose broken army staggered into the city, hoping to find refuge there, only to find it bare of all supplies.

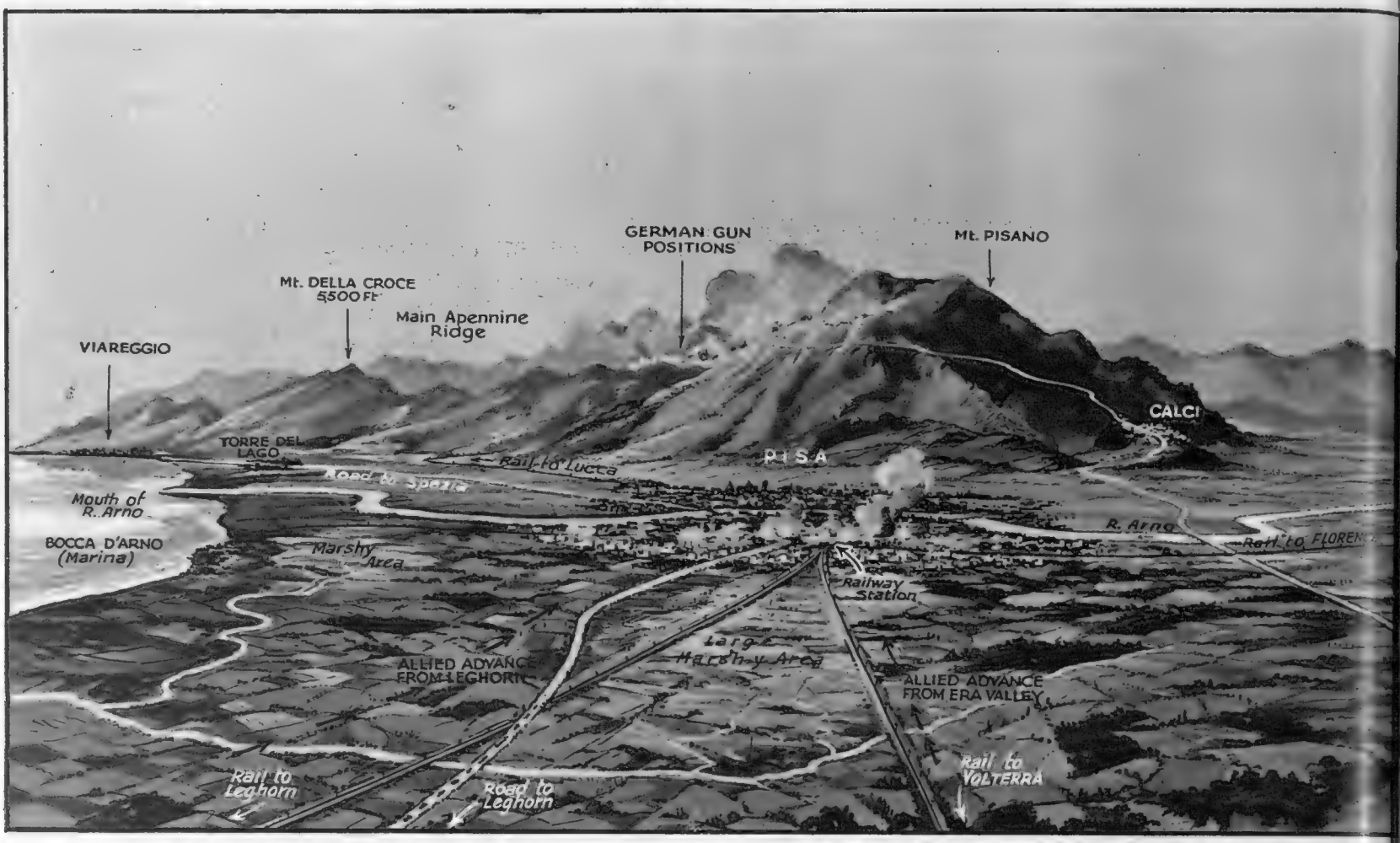
Berlin announced that the Baltic Republics would be defended, there would be no withdrawal; but first Opachka was taken on July 16, then Ostrov on the 21st, and Pskov, the famous old city on Lake Peipus, a few days later. Naroa fell on the 27th after a long struggle, necessitating a difficult crossing over the broad and deep river. The Germans began a steady retreat. The threat to East Prussia became so great that a hasty evacuation of civilians began.

The Niemen, which flows north from Grodno, forms the natural barrier to East Prussia, together with the Masurian Lakes, provided there are sufficient troops. Grodno was captured on July 16, and the Niemen was crossed. Brest-Litovsk and Lvov were both held with great determination by the enemy, so the Russians did not wait for their capture but found a weakness to the north of Brest-Litovsk, thrusting with great rapidity to reach the Vistula, and another to the south, between the rivers Bug and San, tributary of the Vistula. The garrisons of Brest-Litovsk and Lvov found that the Russians were far to the west of them, and their surrender became inevitable.



THE GERMANS ARE FOLLOWING THE LINE OF RETREAT TAKEN BY NAPOLEON'S DEFEATED ARMY after the burning of Moscow in 1812. (The advance is shown as a solid black line; the disastrous retreat by a broken one to the south.) It was in 1812 that the Emperor Alexander I of Russia refused further adherence to Napoleon's "Continental system"—a prototype of Hitler's "European Order"; Russia was thereupon invaded by Napoleon. A huge army reached Moscow after defeating General Kutusoff at Borodino, only to find that his proposed winter quarters were in flames. A retreat was ordered—the army would winter in Poland. An early and severe Russian winter struck the retreating army. Starving and diseased, the army struggled westwards, sustaining a notable defeat at Smolensk by Kutusoff. The French fled first through Vilna, which offered no shelter, to Kovno. Finally, a miserable remnant staggered out of Russian territory—in much the same way in which the Germans are going back to-day!

HOW THE GERMANS LEAVE A RUSSIAN CITY. The burning of Minsk by the retreating enemy, as they abandoned their last major stronghold on Soviet soil. All German resistance in this capital of White Russia ceased on July 3, and soon afterwards the civilians returned



HOW THE ALLIES FOUGHT THEIR WAY INTO THE SOUTHERN HALF OF PISA. It was entered by American troops of the Fifth Army on July 22. This drawing shows the method of approach to the historic city, and the positions held by the Germans on the slopes of Mount Pisano.
—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The OCCUPATION of PISA and LEGHORN

And the Latest Photographs Taken During the Course of the Italian Campaign

The Fifth Army fought its way by coast road and inland valley towards the plain just south of Pisa, the famous city on the lower Arno. Progress was made northwards by way of the nearest lateral valley; when the American column had advanced far enough, the position of the Germans in Leghorn became untenable. With the port cleared of the enemy, the Fifth were then able to press across the plain and its many streams, canals and marshy areas towards Pisa. The famous Leaning Tower, scene of Galileo's experiments, was observed to be still intact, although later reports have declared that it has now been damaged. The attack was conducted against the southern half of the city. Several bridges connect the two halves: it was in the more modern half, around the main railway station, that the fiercest fighting took place. The troops occupying the town maintained a vigorous onslaught. In the meantime, the enemy was developing his gun positions on Mte. Pisano from which he could bombard both the Leghorn and southern Pisa areas.

DURING THE ADVANCE ON AREZZO: How the Engineers of the Eighth Army helped to outflank the Germans. The Allied forces driving on to the "Gothic Line" around Florence are often outwitting the Germans in the difficult mountain terrain through which they are passing. In the Citta de Castello area, to the east of Arezzo, a frontal attack across the mountain tracks to Monterchi against strongly-defended heights would have been costly in lives and material, so it was decided to drive a road through the mountains to the west to outflank the German positions. The enemy was not strong at this point since he obviously thought that an attack from this quarter would be impossible owing to the difficulty of bringing up supplies. The new road, crossing three miles of trackless mountain up to a height of 2,660 ft., was cut in twenty-four hours, and guns and tanks were rushed up for a surprise attack in the rear of the enemy line. The road was built by an Indian Field Company of Royal Engineers with Italian assistance. A forty-eight-hour limit had been set for the task, but it was achieved in half that time. When this picture was taken, Gurkha infantry were already moving up the new road to the attack

AREZZO AFTER THE ALLIED BOMBING: All that is left of the railway station. The town of Arezzo—one of the most important communication centres in Central Italy—was captured by the Eighth Army during the morning of July 16. Seldom has the accuracy of aerial bombardment been so well demonstrated as in this historic town, where factories, railway yards and bridges were destroyed and damaged, with far-reaching results. The rail centre is on the Central Apennine system and was the hub of the supply service which goes west to the mountains, east to the Adriatic and north to Florence. The Germans made much use of the railyards, and these were frequently attacked by R.A.F. night bombers. This picture was taken within forty-eight hours of the capture of Arezzo

ALONG THE NEW ROAD TO AREZZO only the fittest trucks could climb some of the steep slopes unaided. Here Sikhs have to add "man-power" to the horse-power of their jeeps

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVES IN ITALY. As soon as the Allied Armies have passed through their villages, the inhabitants come out from their places of concealment and seek out their former cottages—if they still remain undamaged—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Despite all the destruction and clangour of war, the Italian peasants and country-folk have clung obstinately to their farms and villages and towns. Frequently, when the fighting flares up around their homes, they vanish into the hills and plains—no one seems to know exactly where. But as soon as the Allies have passed on in pursuit of the retreating Germans, out they come again, with all their possessions loaded up on farm carts, to resume occupation of their houses, if these have escaped the ravages of war. This is a fascinating country for many of the Allied soldiers, with picturesque villages hidden in ravines, towns perched on hilltops full of medieval interest, and beautiful scenery on almost every hand. In his drawing above, our artist has depicted the scene in one such rural district through which the war has passed. As the villagers return to their homes, tank men (on the right) who have stationed their fighting vehicles under the shelter of the trees are setting off to inspect one of the historic towns near their temporary camp

LEGHORN AFTER THE ALLIED BOMBING ATTACKS. This picture of the great port was taken by an R.A.F. official photographer on July 20, the day after the city was captured by Fifth Army troops. The port area was hit many times in Allied air attacks carried out from bases in Great Britain and North Africa. Railway yards and factories were also heavily damaged : one of the latter is seen in the foreground of the above picture. It was thrown out of production, along with many other workshops and warehouses in the same area which were either destroyed or damaged

A PANORAMA OF SEA-POWER OFF THE INVASION COAST AS THE ARMIES ARE REINFORCED AND SUPPLIED ACROSS THE CHANNEL. Ships of every possible type, from warships and large transports down to tugs and launches, crowd in to the beaches. In the foreground of the picture is a small destroyer being refuelled from a huge tanker: above the fleet wave the barrage balloons as protection against dive-bombing attacks; and above these pass the Allied aircraft on transport duties and on protective patrol—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The NAVY'S PART in SUPPLYING the ARMY

The Crowded Beaches of Normandy, Constantly Reinforced and Supplied by the Allied Merchant Fleets Under Naval Protection

LOADING UP WITH URGENT SUPPLIES OFF THE BEACHES. Amphibious Ducks with full cargoes prepare to take their loads ashore. They are capable of carrying quite a quantity of cases of all kinds

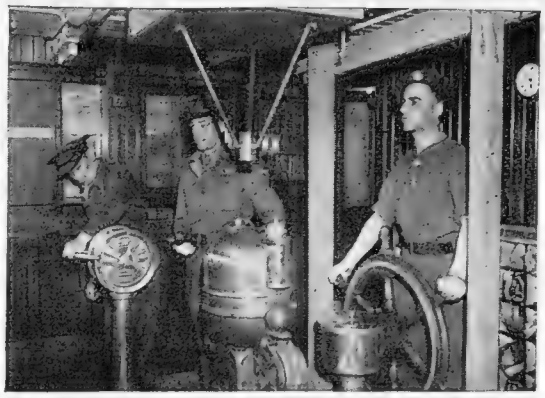
AFTER NEGOTIATING THE SEA from the transport vessels offshore, the Ducks continue straight up on land to unload at the various assembly depots

HURRYING SUPPLIES UP TO THE ADVANCED POSITIONS IN THE BATTLE LINE. All kinds of vehicles are used, including the road boats, or "Ducks," which swarm ashore straight out of the sea—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

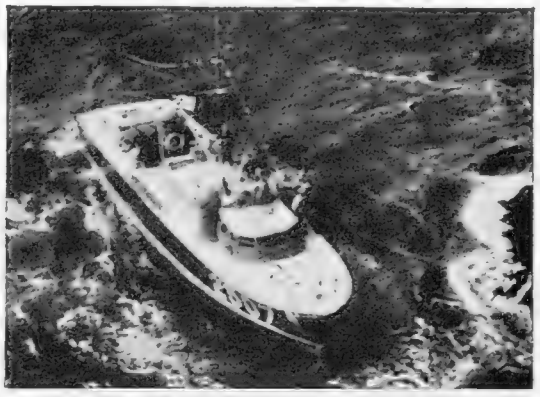
Now that the war has receded from the original beach-head area, the sight off the beaches presents one of the most highly organised scenes ever witnessed in this war or the last. "The beaches and coastal waters of Normandy are still, as they are each time you visit them, stiff with ships. They are unnameable, uncountable, unbelievable," writes a war reporter with the Merchant Navy. "There is a sky-horizon of balloons, a land-horizon of funnels, masts and hulls. Your ship is lying, say, a couple of miles offshore. You lower the ship's working boat into roughish seas; you head her into the calmer coastal waters, and land her on a strip of sand—if you can find a spare one. I say 'a spare one' because sand-strips are hard to find. About every 20 or 30 yards of this miles-long beach there is some ship, its ramp down, its supplies pouring off—blocking your own passage and your own view. You end up by going alongside a great flat ferry-barge carrying trucks, climbing aboard her and walking ashore dodging wheels.

"It is the most glorious panorama of sea-power you are ever likely to see. Where there had been a mass of vehicles moving on roadways below, there is now a spate of air traffic on the runways above. Douglas air transports are coming in from England one after the other. I saw five land in almost as few minutes. Meanwhile, in hillside tents, with fox-holes handy, live the shore-based establishment men. With the least red tape and bureaucratic triplications, with the most cordial and orderly directness, the American postal officers handled our enquiries. . . . Within two hours of our shore calls, a tiny ship came alongside with officers to get a list of our wants."

A SCENE ON A BEACH IN NORMANDY. Big Diesel railway engines are here being brought ashore from landing craft. The latter have made the Channel crossing under the protection of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force, under whose care vast quantities of stores are now being accumulated in France for the further operations which lie ahead for the Allied Armies. Great tractors receive the heavy loads and haul them up out of the sea



A 1,500-TON SHIP RUN BY THE ARMY. The captain is a Major, the mate an Army Captain, the chief engineer a Captain, the purser a sergeant-major, the bo'sun a sergeant, the quartermaster a corporal, and so on. They are all Royal Engineers; most of them are ex-Merchant Navy men; and their job is to repair dock and harbour facilities in the English Channel ports. From left to right—Lieut. R. Fox, second mate; Lieut. T. R. Barton, navigator; and Sapper T. E. Gerrard, helmsman



A V.C. RESCUED BY A HIGH-SPEED LAUNCH OF THE R.A.F. This picture shows the dramatic rescue by an Air-Sea launch of the Canadian Catalina crew of which Flight-Lieut. D. E. Hornell was the captain. He was posthumously awarded the V.C. The aircraft had to "ditch" in northern waters after a running battle with a German U-boat, which subsequently sank. Here is the launch coming alongside the dinghy in which the V.C. and his crew had been adrift for twenty-one hours. Flight-Lieut Hornell died soon after he had been taken aboard

THE BLOCKADE OF THE PORT OF LE HAVRE BY THE BRITISH NAVY. Coastal forces attack a fleet of German E-boats creeping round the Cap de la Heve in an attempt to reinforce the blockaded port. The British ships smashed into the enemy formation at full speed—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The Navy has so turned the tables on the E-boats on the sea supply lanes to Normandy that the chief lair of these craft, Le Havre, is now virtually under close blockade. This is bottling up the German vessels in their bomb-blasted concrete pens, although the blockade is not absolutely watertight owing to the powerful German shore batteries covering the port. British coastal forces, patrolling only about a mile away from the entrance to Le Havre, have been striking hard at the German trawlers and patrol craft which have been venturing into and out of the harbour. A few nights ago, soon after midnight, a force of E-boats was observed creeping down the coast from the direction of Dieppe to reinforce Le Havre: it was intercepted off Cap de la Heve, north of the port, by British ships which broke right into the enemy formation at full speed to open up at close range and set one E-boat on fire. The British ships then chased the remaining E-boats right up to within a mile of the entrance of Le Havre

The GREAT AMERICAN ADVANCE Through ST. LO

Scenes of Devastation as the Heavy Armour Swept Through the Towns of Normandy after the Big Break-through South of the Cherbourg Peninsula

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF COUTANCES. An American tank which was wrecked while passing along a mined street in this strategic key-point. Those sections which were not razed during the battle for the town were found to be heavily mined by the Germans. Coutances fell to the Americans on July 28, when two of their armoured columns joined up a mile to the north and then pushed their way into the town. Shortly afterwards a further advance was made to Granville, on the sea, and to Avranches, to the south

Below—**A PANZER DIVISION IS WIPED OUT : As far as the eye can see, wrecked German vehicles lie alongside the road near Roncey.** One of Hitler's pet Panzer Divisions was trapped behind the American lines at Roncey during the sudden and swift move forward towards Coutances and Avranches. It was then so badly hammered by the American Second Armoured Division and by Allied fighters and fighter-bombers that it was quickly destroyed as an effective fighting force. Tanks, armoured cars, motor-vehicles and other equipment now lie scattered and wrecked in the ditches and along the hedges where they had sought shelter

THE DEVASTATION OF THE TOWN OF ST. LO, WHICH WAS REDUCED TO RUBBLE BY THE SHELLS OF AMERICAN AND GERMAN GUNS. When this impressive picture was taken, engineers and bulldozers were already at work clearing the streets to allow fresh equipment and men to move forward

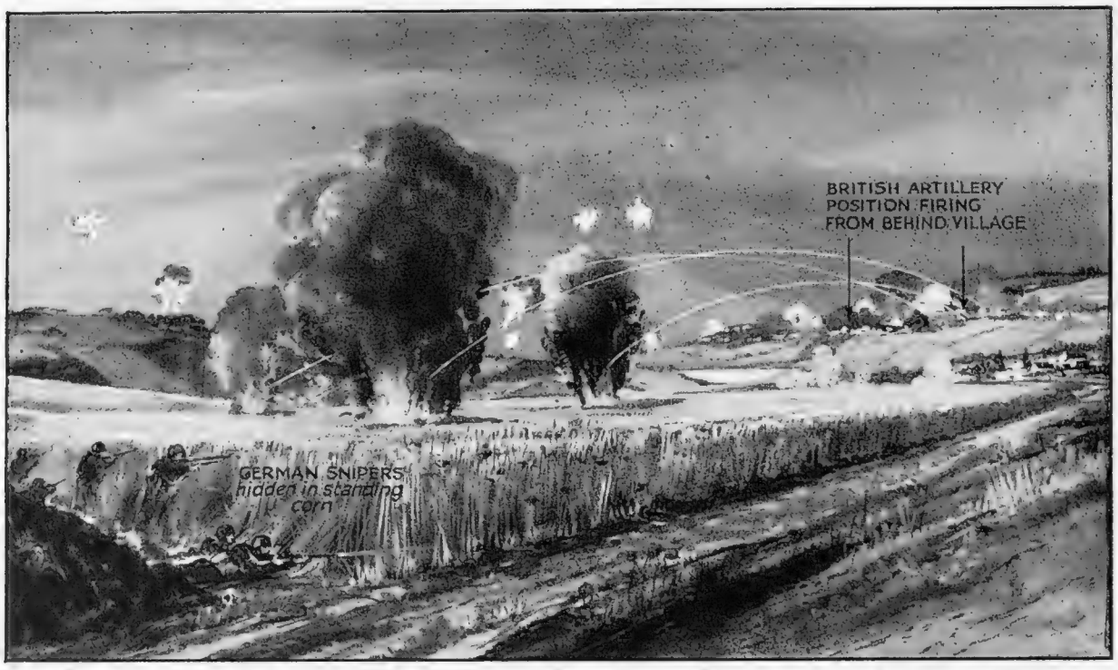
St. Lo was occupied by the American forces on July 18. It is in a sorry plight. For more than two weeks the Americans had bombed and shelled the Germans in it, and then the latter—after their ejectment—shelled and mortared the maze of ruins, reducing its military value to nil. The town—unlike others in Normandy—was found to be deserted by its civilian population. Now the tide of war has passed on, to the south and east, and St. Lo is being cleared up so that the flow of equipment and traffic can proceed more easily

A WRECKED GERMAN TANK lies in front of the entrance to a devastated church in St. Gilles. Smashed buildings all around give evidence of the fierce fighting which took place before the Americans were able to advance through the town

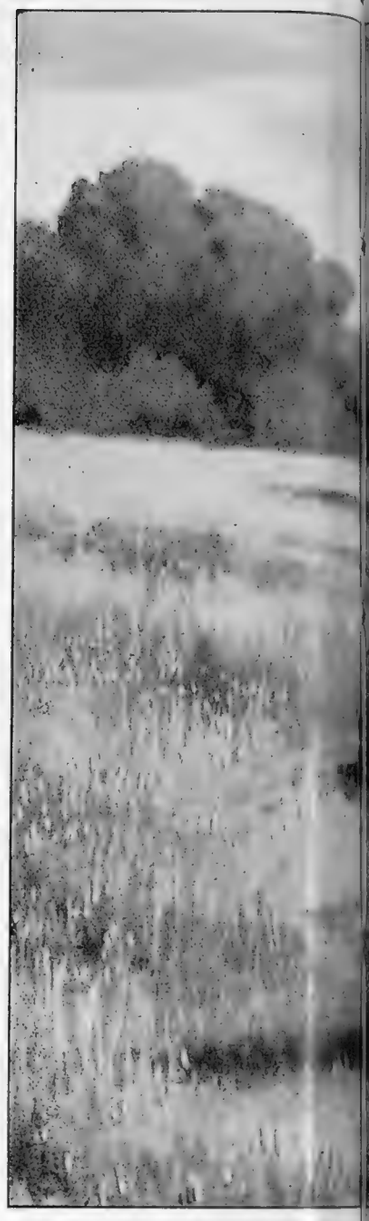
AN AERIAL VIEW OF AMERICAN ARMOUR PASSING THROUGH THE RUINED TOWN OF PERIER. It was by way of Perier that the Americans reached Coutances, one armoured spearhead driving southwards whilst another converged from the east, isolating large forces of Germans to the north

SCENES FROM THE BATTLE AREAS IN NORMANDY

—Special Sphere Drawings of Incidents during the Recent Fighting



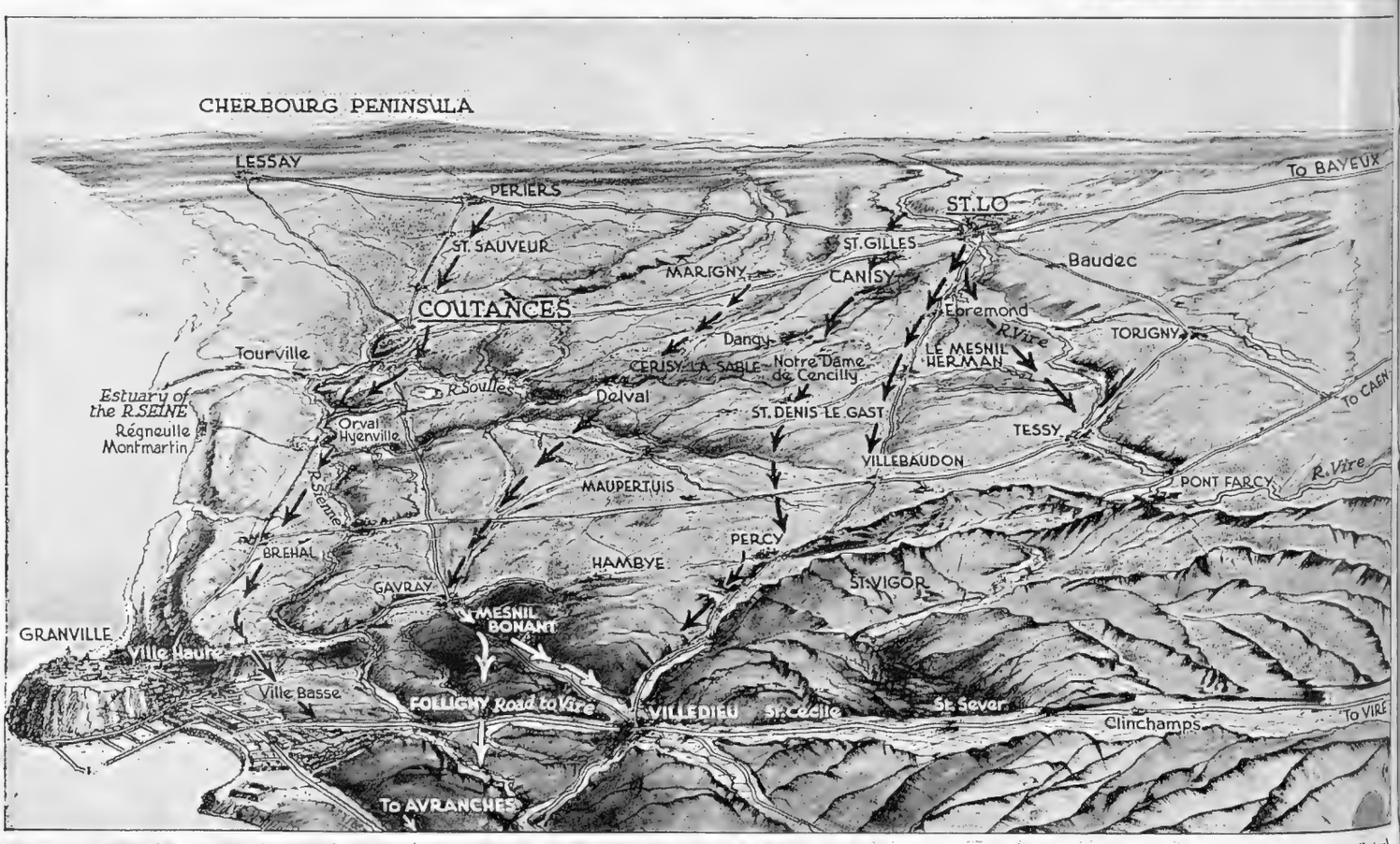
THE GERMANS FIND NORMANDY A SNIPER'S COUNTRY: "Stonking" a cornfield which is hiding many of the enemy's riflemen. To "stonk" an area is to put down a quantity of high-explosives from distant artillery, so as to saturate any fields in which the presence of snipers is suspected—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



Below—Towards the end of July, it was found that the enemy had fixed his chief defences against the British forces south and south-west of Caen. This obsession to oppose the British seems to have had the beneficial effect of leaving certain other parts of the line to the west rather weakly held. Certain it is that the U.S. forces found these out just to the west of St. Lo, in front of St. Gilles and Marigny, and farther west on the Periers-Lessay road. At once they took every advantage of this situation and threw all available weight against these promising openings. German resistance broke down, and U.S. tanks and infantry surged forward into virgin country. The advances were so rapid that some of the roads were found to be unmined. The U.S. columns pressed on through Marigny, where there was house-to-house fighting; but, outside, the going was fast, with hedge-to-hedge fighting. The tanks, often with infantry clustered on them, struck through village after village in the direction of Villebaudon. Another push took a more south-westerly direction towards Percy. German divisions had perforce to withdraw from Coutances, and the armoured columns pressed on, crossing the Sienne River and reaching the sea. The Soulles River was also crossed by the south-bound columns. The Germans attempted to stem the advance south of Gavray, calling in the *Luftwaffe*, which was, however, unable to accomplish any effective results. Columns were pressing on to Villedieu, on the Granville-Vire highway. To the right of this town, the ground is considerably more hilly than anything yet encountered by the Allied troops. The ground south of Villedieu is also high, particularly in the St. Seven region. Granville (on the left) is a busy town and port, with bold, rocky setting

The German armies in Normandy have made great use of their skilled marksmen, employing them as snipers in the Japanese fashion.

Ruined houses in villages have been favourite places for these skilled snipers, who have remained silent as the first Allied tanks went by, and then taken accurate aim as the tank captain raised the turret to look out. Even after troops have cleared the houses and the village is considered safe, some of the enemy have crept back and concealed themselves again, ready to cut off the officers when they got a good opportunity. There have been considerable losses in both officers and men from



HOW THE AMERICAN TROOPS ACHIEVED THEIR BREAK-THROUGH SOUTH OF THE LESSAY-PERIERS ROAD, and thus led up to the capture of Coutances and (later) Avranches. This diagram-drawing shows the nature of the country through which the vital thrust was made at the southern base of the Cherbourg Peninsula *(See notes above)*—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

IN PURSUIT OF THE HIDDEN AND CAMOUFLAGED GERMAN GUNMAN. The sniper has been much employed by the enemy at every opportunity in the "close" country to the south and south-west of Caen. Small fields with high, thick hedges, and thick-growing cornfields, have given the sniper every advantage. The same conditions occur farther west, where the U.S. troops have been forcing back the Germans. The Americans employ squads of a dozen men working in concert to eradicate them: here we see the final moment, when the sniper has been surrounded and cornered—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

snipers, who find excellent cover among the woods, deep lanes and high hedges of Normandy.

It has been suggested that some jungle training is really necessary to prevent distressing casualties. When the Canadians were pushing south of the Orne River, they found themselves up against snipers at every point. From ruined houses snipers picked off their victims, and along the tree-lined river-bank the Germans had secured themselves among the tree-tops, hidden among the thick foliage. They were using a kind of harness to support them. Their ordinary field-grey uniforms are less conspicuous than khaki, and many wear a special mottled-green suit. Some of the snipers seem to belong to suicide squads.

Thick cornfields provide excellent cover for snipers, who fire now and again, doubtless slithering away unseen before their original position gets a burst of Bren-gun fire. Clearing the dense woods of snipers is a long and arduous job, which cannot be undertaken during an advance, but has to be left to a later "mopping-up."

On right—

AROUND CAEN — AFTER THE DUST CAME THE RAINS, the heaviest since the invasion, filling the trenches with water and converting the roads into muddy streams

—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The weather has certainly not proved friendly towards the Allies. When General Montgomery opened his big offensive around Caen, the dust proved a big problem—but not for long. Within a matter of hours, the rain came teeming down, and in greater quantities than ever before. In fact, the rain was heavier than at any time since D-Day; and it continued for days, so that the trenches became filled with water, and the roads and tracks could not support the volume of mechanised traffic and tanks they were called on to sustain. For hour after weary hour, sheets of heavy rain fell all over the Normandy battle area; the whole countryside was covered by grey clouds which made movement by land or in the air impossible, and the roads were bordered by running streams of water which, in some places, were feet across

THE INHABITANTS OF ANOTHER FRENCH VILLAGE ARE LIBERATED. The scene in Le Beny Bocage as British troops receive a warm welcome from the local population. This village lies 11 miles to the south of Caumont, on the road to Vire, at a point where a bridgehead in the Bocage country overrun by our tanks in the first rush on August 1. It lies was established across the Soulevre River after a 10-mile advance in 24 hours

BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES

In the Recently Captured Bocage Villages

—And Pictures of the Brave British Women who are also Serving with the Troops in Normandy

Many thousands of readers must be wondering how their sons and husbands and cousins are living in Normandy. The pictures reproduced here will, in part, show them the conditions just behind the fighting line. Included in the British Army's organisation are a number of women, serving in various capacities—as nurses, with the W.A.A.F., and as entertainers. We are glad to be able to demonstrate their activities.

AFTER THE TIDE OF BATTLE HAD FLOWED PAST: A scene in the village of Sept Vents, as Royal Engineers plan a route for supplies to go up to the Army which has already swept on ahead. This place lies just south of Caumont: it was captured in the first sweep forward by the British in their big offensive

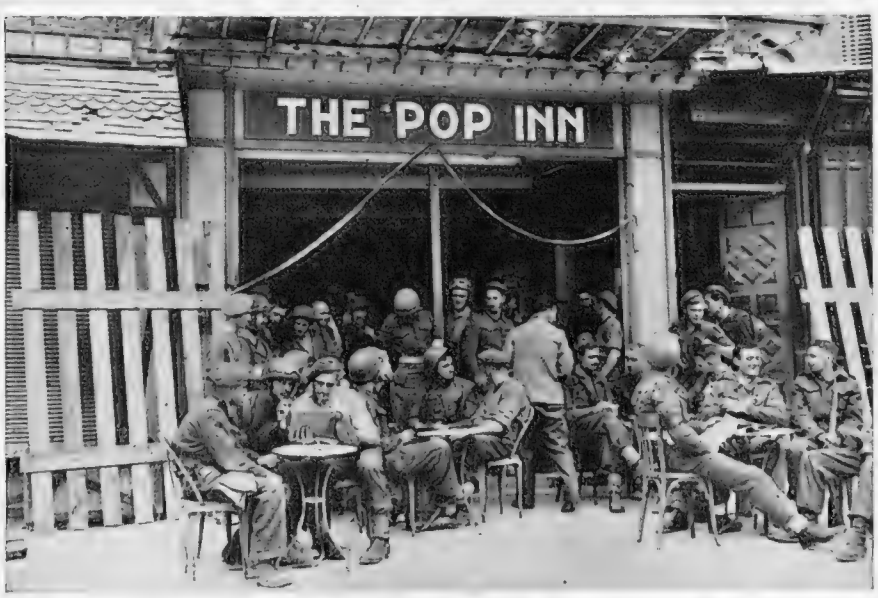
FIRST FRUITS OF VICTORY: French people outside a tiny café in a liberated town watch a batch of Germans being escorted through the place where formerly they lorded it over the civil population. Many villages are now being liberated after four years of German occupation, and many thousands of prisoners have already been sent to the rear in the above fashion

E.N.S.A. IN NORMANDY—The actresses and actors arrive in a French village : Concert parties are now hard at work entertaining the troops just behind the lines. They usually give two shows at each place they visit, sometimes in a barn and sometimes in the open. The parties are completely mobile, and the members do all their own chores. In this picture the artistes have just arrived at a village a few miles from the front line, and the girls are taking their costumes to the improvised "dressing-room." On their left is a group of British soldiers around a captured German gun

THE W.A.A.F. TURN UP IN FRANCE BY AIR : Leading Aircraftwoman Birbeck, a nursing orderly, brings the same day's London newspapers and a loaf of bread to airmen who have been living on iron rations. The transport aircraft in which she arrived will later carry wounded men back to hospital in England

TWO NURSING SISTERS ATTEND TO THEIR OWN LAUNDRY : These brave women were landed in Normandy soon after the arrival of the Army. They are living under canvas and generally "roughing it" with the best! Most of their rough work has to be done by themselves

THE CONCERT IN PROGRESS IN THE OPEN AIR. The men are wearing dinner jackets and the girls are in evening gowns—a rare sight for the front-line troops witnessing the performance!



THE FIGHTING TROOPS RELAX AMIDST THE RUINS OF CAEN, WHERE N.A.A.F.I. CAFÉS HAVE OPENED UP FOR BUSINESS. "The Pop Inn," seen on the left, was formerly known as "La Continental" Café : the establishment on the right is a simpler type of canteen, where cups of tea and cakes can be bought for a few sous. N.A.A.F.I. has taken over a number of such places amongst the wreckage of Caen, and replaced chairs and tables on the side-walks to impart a Continental flavour to their welcome establishments. Here troops going up and down the lines can rest and eat

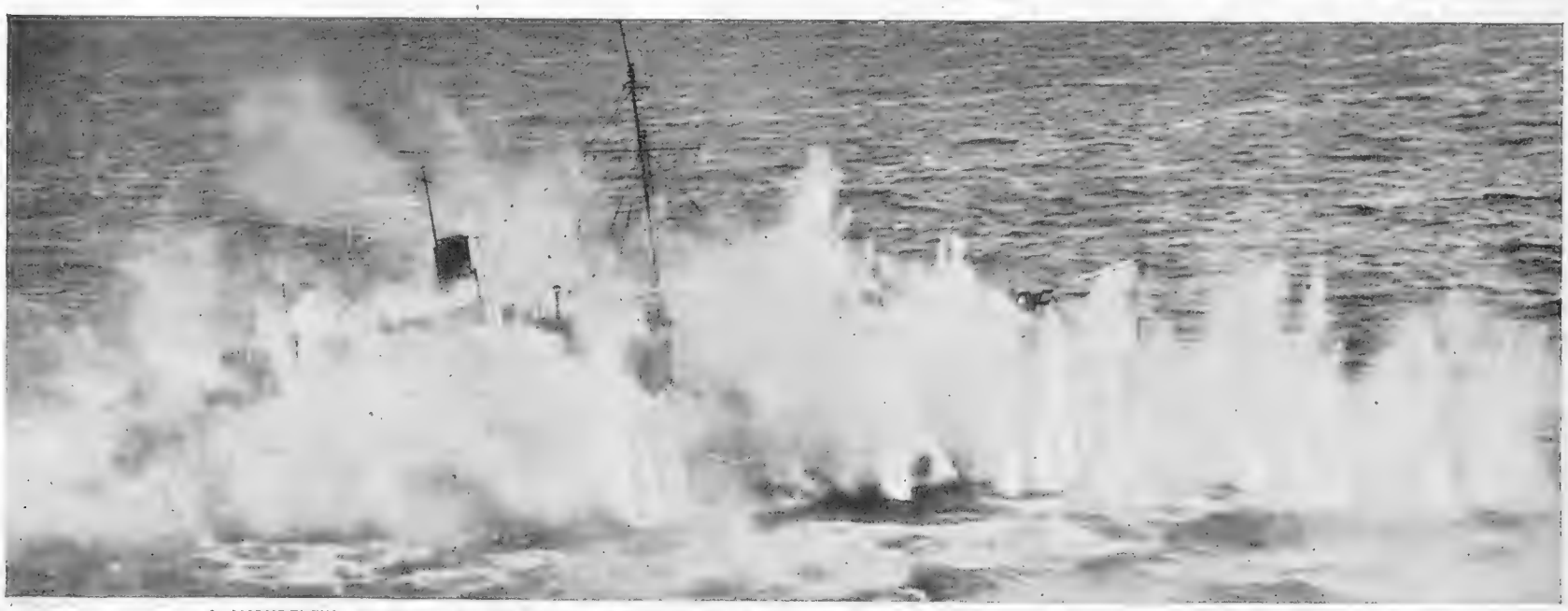
THE BOMB-CARRYING TYPHOON

And Combat Pictures of the Air War Over the Battlefields of Normandy

AN IMPRESSION OF THE TWO TYPES OF TYPHOON carrying out their deadly work of bombing and fighting in the strategic war area to the south of the Normandy battle zone—attacking towns and bridges along the River Loire—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Typhoon of to-day is a powerful aircraft, capable of performing the dual role of fighter or fighter-bomber. The latter type now fly with a 1,000-lb. bomb under each wing—an operational load more than double that of the medium bombers with which we entered the war! Originally used as a fast, low-altitude fighter, the Typhoon had its first spectacular success in defeating German sneak raiders on the South Coast. Then, certain of the type were converted into fighter-bombers, carrying two 500-lb. bombs, to play havoc with enemy shipping off the Dutch coast. To-day, the fighter-bomber Typhoon carries its two 1,000-lb. bombs for dive-bombing attacks. Even the Stuka, which cleared and blasted the way for the German armies in the earlier campaigns of the war, only carried one of these—and was slow and vulnerable. When the bombs are gone, the Typhoon at once becomes a first-line; four-cannon fighter, well able to defend itself or go in at 400 miles an hour to finish off the dive-bombing attack with a devastating strafe. There is, of course, still another version of the Typhoon—the rocket-firing type, which carries four of these projectiles under each wing.

SERVICING COMMANDOS OF THE R.A.F. on a Normandy airfield assembling the rocket projectiles for the Typhoon aircraft seen in the background



A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY ROCKET PROJECTILES AND CANNON-FIRE AGAINST GERMAN SHIPPING

This picture was taken on July 22, during the course of an attack by a large "strike force" of R.A.F. Coastal Command Beaufighters searching for enemy shipping off the Frisian coast. Two armed German trawlers were intercepted on this occasion; one of them was sunk, and the other was abandoned by its crew and left derelict after attacks with torpedoes, rocket projectiles and cannon-fire. This is a close-up of the attack on the second armed trawler: the boat is burning from stem to stern, whilst the sea all around is bubbling under the weight of the attack and throwing up great fountains of water as the shells strike near

SPITFIRE PILOTS IN NORMANDY REFUSE TO BE GROUNDED BY THE WEATHER: They apply for, and receive, permission to take off to assist the infantry during the attacks around Caen, despite the bad weather which has so handicapped flying operations—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Pilots who pleaded to be allowed to fly when the weather was against them have been giving valuable help to the Army in Normandy. Ever since the invasion, the weather has handicapped our pilots. They have done remarkable things despite the clouds, but on the occasion depicted in the above drawing they were exasperated. Due to take a prominent part in the attack, they watched with dismay the formation of clouds which led to the cancellation of the air operations in prospect. The spirited commander of one Spitfire wing, who—correctly—interpreted his pilots' views, pleaded for permission to go up on their own responsibility. Permission was given and the delighted airmen got their targets—mortar and field-gun positions and observation posts which our artillery could not deal with. Their success was of the greatest service to the infantry. It will be observed from the above drawing that the pilots are not wearing their Mae West lifebelts: their uniforms consist of R.A.F. battledress

THE AMERICAN BOMBERS JOIN IN NIGHT RAIDS: Marauders engage in a running fight during the course of a mission over enemy territory—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The first night-bombing missions in force by American aircraft in almost two years of operation from Britain have been flown recently by Marauder medium bombers of the Ninth Air Force. Until the night of May 22 (the first time Marauders took off after darkness to attack targets in France), no American bombers had ever operated in force from Britain between nightfall and dawn, though day-bombing by Americans started as early as July 4, 1942. But since then Marauders have flown four more night operations, all of them in support of Allied ground operations in France. The fifth attack depicted by our artist in the above drawing—against an important objective in Northern France on the night of July 7-8—turned into a furious running fight as soon as the Marauders crossed the French coast, and nine of the bombers were lost

"THE CHOKE POINT"—A PROBLEM IN INTENSIVE BOMBING. High Army officials have been reviewing the whole question of the heavy bombing of towns and cities, and have been endeavouring to solve the problem of the "choke point," as it is officially termed. Streets must not be made impassable to the infantry and tanks, as happened at Cassino and elsewhere. Here an Allied bulldozer is seen at work on a mass of rubble created by our own bombing effort—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

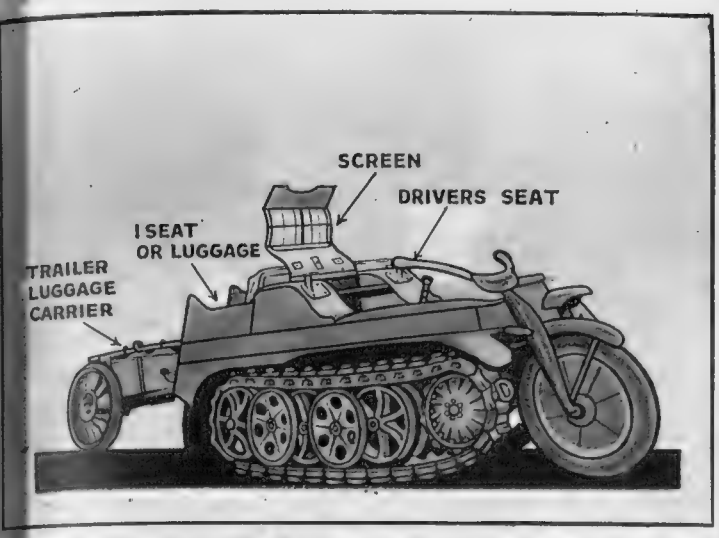
FIGHTING VEHICLES
—Allied and Enemy
Drawings and Photographs of the Weapons Now Being Used in Normandy

The heavy bombing of enemy positions, especially in towns, has frequently produced an awkward dilemma for the Allies. The Germans might be temporarily stunned, and their main forces driven out of the town, but the chaos produced by heavy high-explosive bombs is such that tanks are sometimes unable to penetrate the streets of the bombed town or village. It was also discovered that the enemy used the formless, half-buried ruins as ready-made machine-gun positions. With a little work, they could be manned and provisioned for a certain number of days. Being shapeless, they were very difficult to distinguish from the other ruins. The most outstanding example of this occurred at Cassino, where tank entrance was delayed for a vital period so that no rush-through was even possible. Other cases occurred; roads were rendered unusable until the bull-dozers and then the engineers had cleared a way. The first narrow break through the ruins had to be widened if any real pressure of armour was to be exerted on the enemy. High officials of both Air Force and Army have been getting together to probe this question, with the aim of defining the "choke point," as it is officially termed. It is realised that the heavy bomber cannot be used in a restrained strength; its big bombs do too much local damage to buildings at the sides of streets. A *via media* must be found, and this is evidently on the way to solution, to judge from our efforts at Caen, where heavy bombing was restricted to given areas

AFTER BATTLE IN THE CAEN SECTOR. The scene in a "workshop" operated by an Armoured Regiment. All except the most difficult work is carried out immediately within the fighting area. The overhauling of the big armoured fighting vehicles is begun as soon as the battle is over, when the tanks are re-ammunitioned and the guns and tracks are checked over. By this means they are ready and on the spot when needed again

A CLOSE-UP OF THE FLAILS ON A BRITISH TANK which explode the enemy's minefields. The existence of these powerful machines of war was only made public a short while ago. When they advance, the drum fixed to the front of the tank revolves at speed, and the chains flailed on the ground then set off the mines laid to impede our advance

A GERMAN AND AN AMERICAN "BAZOOKA" COMPARED. The American specimen is that on the right. The German gun has a shield fixed in front of the man firing it: it is also of bigger calibre. The Americans have made great use of the "Bazooka" for the destruction of tanks in confined spaces

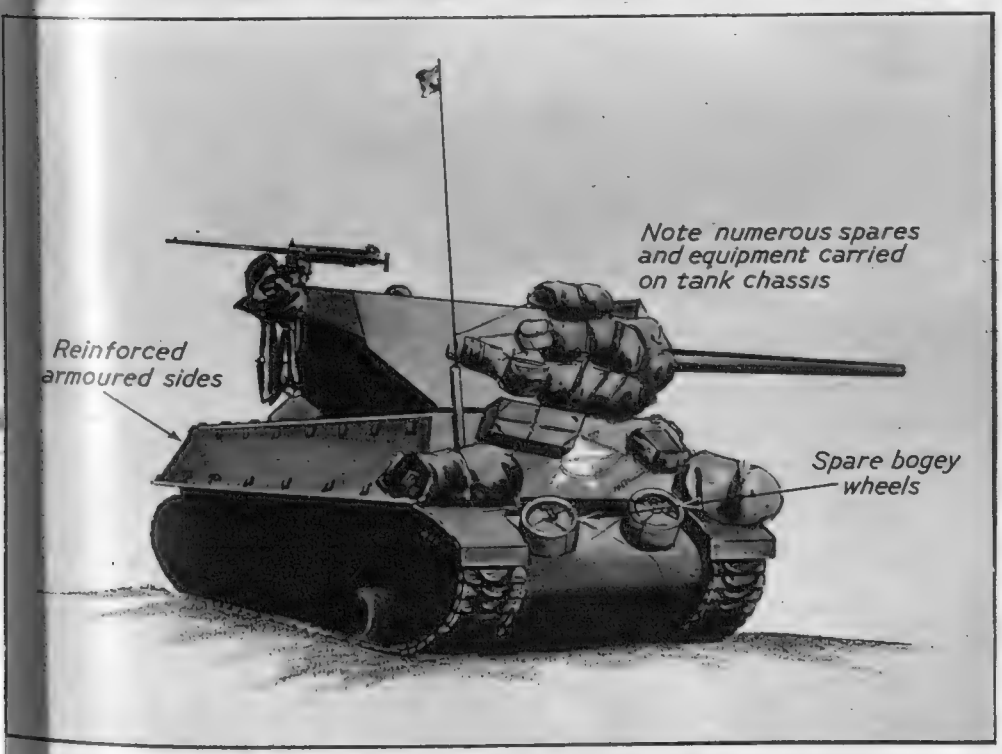


A USEFUL LITTLE "HALF-TRACK" captured from the Germans and now in use by the Americans in Normandy. This vehicle has motor-cycle steering for the single wheel in front. Behind the driver's seat is a screen, with another seat at the rear. The trailer can be used for luggage or ammunition. These vehicles made their first appearance during the 1940 battles in France, and they were then used by the Germans in Libya, Italy, and now in Normandy

A DEVELOPMENT OF THE TRAILER IDEA: A "road-train" which can haul a number of two-wheeled units. The "road-train" is a development of military supply which has not received much publicity, but which has played an important part in the invasion organisation. It started with the ordinary trailer: then it was suggested that more than one light trailer could be hauled by a single R.A.S.C. lorry; and, as all British institutions develop, half a dozen and more were soon being affixed. The saving in transport, fuel and driving personnel is enormous, although the method is only employed for the transport of goods the individual deadweight of which is not too considerable. It will be interesting to see whether the idea is developed after the war for peacetime purposes. An obvious objection is interference with other road traffic. But it might be possible to visualise special "goods roads" of the future, perhaps occupying disused railway tracks, along which "road-trains" could be allowed to travel and thus solve urgent problems which might arise in the post-war period

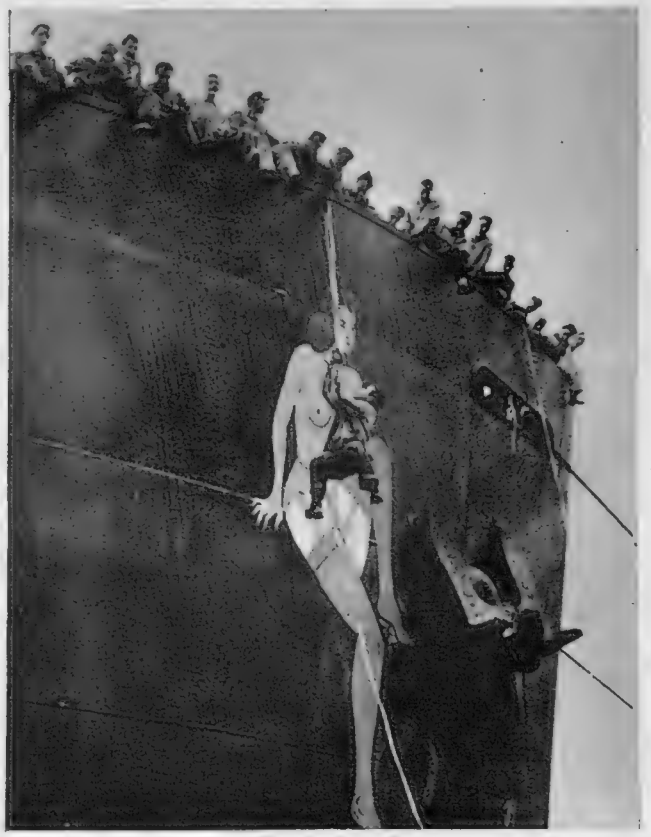
THE "ASSAULT GUN"—an American idea for close-quarter combat by the tanks

Here we see a good example of the newly-evolved mobile weapon known as the "assault gun," of which the outstanding feature is the shortness of the muzzle of the heavy 75-mm. or 3-in. gun. For a gun of this calibre the barrel is usually very long, so that the shell can attain the utmost velocity and travel as far as possible. But these "assault guns" are designed to attack fortifications, pill-boxes, and enemy tanks at close quarters, so that velocity can be sacrificed to punch and rapidity of fire. The shell is itself broad and stubby. It will be noted that the gun emerges from a solid collar of armour plate. This American innovation can take any amount of punishment without being affected



A "TANK DESTROYER," a fighting vehicle with reinforced sides for additional protection

This American M.10 "tank-destroyer," a self-propelled gun about which few details have yet been released, is one of the most useful weapons taken by our troops to France; it has already accounted for many infiltrating German tanks, a task for which it is specially designed. The heaviness of the side armour is a feature. A "tank-destroyer" must be able to withstand the heaviest fire that its victims can produce. The chassis carries a wide range of spare parts, so that the gun can be independent of workshop and supply train. Note the heavy, spare bogie-wheels fixed to the front. Infantry are very fond of these vehicles, behind which they can always seek protection. Photographs from both Normandy and Italy had depicted the manner in which the foot soldiers operate when screened by these hard-hitting fighting machines, advancing into areas only after the enemy's strong-points and tanks have been satisfactorily disposed of



A NEW IDEA IN "FIGUREHEADS." Many of the ships on the Channel Ferry Service have adopted novel "figureheads." This American Merchant Navy ship has a 17-ft. figure on her bows, painted by one of the crew. Recently, when she was late for a Normandy convoy, an escorting naval vessel signalled: "Hope the girl is faster than your ship, Captain"

THE BATTLE AREA IN NORMANDY as seen from the air. The intricate pattern woven on the ground has been caused by tanks manœuvring into position

AUGUST is TRADITIONALLY the HOLIDAY MONTH

Here is an Article which Projects the Mind into the Near Future, in a Discussion of Post-war Travel Possibilities. By CHARLES GRAVES

AUGUST being the traditional holiday month, it is perhaps excusable—even though the war is still on—to speculate about, and even to formulate, plans for post-armistice vacations. After all, we have read all this widely publicised post-war planning by various Government departments, so why not some individual post-war planning of our own?

The first piece of good news I have acquired this week is that there is every likelihood of Switzerland being accessible by air to British visitors much sooner after Hitler has thrown in the towel than most people suppose. Visitors, however, will find a number of changes. Several places have had their German, French and Italian place-names altered to Romansh. Several big hotels, including one or two at Lucerne, have been turned into offices and may never revert.

The reason why Switzerland is likely to be available to us is that it fulfils the primary demand of having enough food for visitors as well as for its nationals. It also could, no doubt, meet the British Treasury's desire that no English currency should leave the country, by arranging to purchase various goods from British manufacturers for replenishment of stock and replacement of five years of wear and tear—on a kind of barter system.

Switzerland has become very rich during the war. So has Sweden, another country which should be able to offer holidays to the British. The trouble here is that it is not so accessible by air to this country, and it will presumably be a long time before shipping becomes available for tourists. But there are a lot of things which Sweden would like to buy from us, and so the currency problem can easily be solved.

This point is one which suggests that cruises in the Mediterranean and elsewhere—to South Africa, Ceylon and other parts of the Empire—will be popularised by the Treasury when the liners have ceased to be troop-carriers. For it will be possible to arrange that all the cost of the holidays can be paid for in English currency, which would not have to leave the country—foreign harbour dues and the like being dealt with reciprocally.

It is to be noted that practically every shipping company has now acquired powers to start its own airlines. In addition, of course, there is the British Overseas Airways Corporation. An interesting question which already obtrudes itself is whether they should specialise in fast flights—say, Australia in 2½ days, or whether to take it easy and do it in 5 days, a week or even 10 days. It is a psychological situation demanding much thought. The Americans talk of "trips." We talk of "voyages." Personally I prefer the latter. Some experts think that air travel after the war must be high speed or nothing. I do not agree. There cannot be fifty people in the world so important that it is essential for them to reach the ends of the earth in 3 days instead of 5. By contrast, if you talk of a "good" train you mean one which travels fast; and so a "good" air service will presumably be the fastest, irrespective of comfort en route.

At the moment the chief objection to air travel is the small amount of luggage you can take. But I can imagine nothing more attractive than going by sea to the West Indies, and then flying round and stopping at Antigua, Dominica, St. Kitt's, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Barbados, drinking planter's punch, lolling on the white beaches, bathing in the warm blue lagoons, fishing, basking and forgetting five years of war, especially as the local airline travel ticket for all this is only £20. Most of us must have thought out the holiday that we would most enjoy in peace time. Many of have gone by the board as a result of the war, and travel agents are going to have a hard time persuading the public that Italy has a good winter climate after what the Eighth and Fifth Armies have been through. For some time I have fancied the idea of flying to New York and then, after a week of eating steaks and drinking orange juice, buying a second-hand car, with a view to a motor tour which would include New Orleans and San Francisco, ending up in Mexico City. From here I have thought of flying to Bermuda, thence to New York and so home. The difficulty, of course, quite apart from the expense, is the question of currency. Presumably, this would not affect the West Indies or visits to Canada, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa. And a very good thing too. How many people have visited the Empire for their holidays? Precious few, more 's the pity and more 's the shame. The excuse in the past was that it took too long. In future this will not hold good.

Of nearer holiday resorts, one can prophesy a greater interest in French Morocco, Algiers and particularly Tunis. There is also Tangiers. Portugal and the Azores should stand a fair chance. Spain will not be so popular. One can presume that France will be out of the question for a very long time to come, unless Germany collapses overnight. In the meantime, there is the Irish Free State and Ulster. Few places are more attractive than Killarney, while the Tralee Peninsula and the wild Galway coast are fascinating as an escape from war.

To be prosaic and practical, however, it is safe to say that with the possible exception of Ireland and Switzerland most of us will have to spend our holidays for at least the next eighteen months in this country. Even then, it will take a good time to remove the barbed wire and to restore the piers at the seaside resorts. Hundreds of golf-courses will need months and months to restore to their pre-war condition. Tanks have made a happy hunting-ground of so many of them.

No doubt the basic petrol ration will be restored pretty soon, and motoring holidays in Wales, Scotland and the West Country will be very popular. But the real trouble at the moment is that one cannot buy any guide-book or travel pamphlet which will tell you the hotels commandeered by the Government, the hotels which have been blitzed, the hotels which are open. There is no guide with current information about beaches, tennis-courts, golf-courses, cinemas, theatres, coach services, local hired cars, piers or anything else. Hundreds of pounds are wasted daily by telegrams, telephone calls and even personal visits to discover the lie of the land. For many people, Billie Butlin will provide communal holidays after the war on aerodromes, in Army camps and other establishments created by the war in healthy surroundings. But that is mass holiday-making of a type which would not appeal particularly to many readers.

Flying holidays in New York can be taken for granted within two years after the war is over—and they will be reasonably cheap. Holidays at the Great Lakes of Canada will also stand a fine chance. Germany can be ruled out for years to come. The Riviera and the Midi depend entirely on the next few weeks for their chances of attracting, or being able to attract, visitors. It seems improbable that Deauville will have escaped destruction in view of the Caen battle. The Casino and the clubhouse at Le Touquet were knocked out months ago by R.A.F. pilots on low-flying sorties (they also "did" P. G. Wodehouse's villa). Biarritz (as I write) would have an excellent chance of surviving the war intact if the Germans decided to leave it alone on withdrawal. But even then there would be the almost impossible business of getting there except through Spain, and to do that you would have to get to Spain.

No; it looks as though next year the Sussex Fortnight—beginning with Goodwood and continuing by way of Lewes races and Brighton races—will have its most successful season since George IV. Scotland will do better than it has since M. Corniché invented Deauville and M. Blanc left Homburg for Monte Carlo. North Wales, the Lake District, Cornwall and Devonshire too have a real future.

Yachting and small-boat sailing will, however, have a long time to wait, except for river stuff. One can expect that two or three years will have to elapse before the coasts are clear of British—not to mention German—mines. No doubt the Solent will be the first to be cleared, but it will be a long time before everything is normal.

Holidays in Belgium and Holland will depend on the course of the war, the local food situation and the British Treasury. That goes for everywhere else on the Continent, with the added question-mark of the attitude of the local population towards anybody and everybody, whether of their own nationality or not.

Personally, I still fancy the idea of a holiday in the Leeward and/or the Windward Islands, with the sun in the small of my back, British currency in my pocket and the knowledge that I would get a complete escape from all the happenings of the past five years.

A "SKY-LINER" FOR POST-WAR TRAVEL—THE "LIBERATOR LINER," which has been evolved out of the famous bomber of the same name. This is an impression of the huge aircraft which is intended for use as a transport plane after the war. It has been designed to carry fifty passengers at a cruising speed of 240 m.p.h. At this speed it has a range of 2,500 miles, and can also carry 1,200 lb. of cargo in addition to its passengers. It has four 1,250 h.p. motors and is of unusual design, with a very long nose and a "stubby" wing which seems almost inadequate for its large load. The liner has already been inspected by Government and Air Line officials

A HOLIDAY SCENE IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE. Two local teams recently played cricket on a green in Southern England just as it was played 100 years ago—in top-hats and cravats. And they allowed neither the roar of the flying bombs nor a thud which told that a robot had been brought down to disturb their game!

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

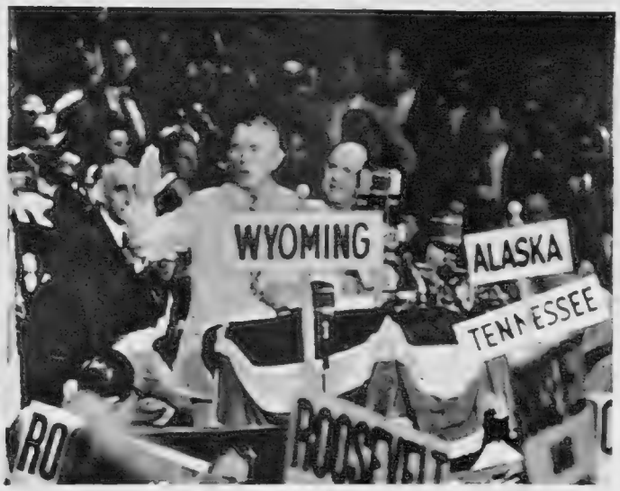
The Coming PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION in the United States

Scenes at Chicago when Mr. Roosevelt was Nominated for a Fourth Term

It has now been definitely decided that Mr. Roosevelt is to stand for a fourth term of office. Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican nominee, will oppose him. Mr. Roosevelt's nomination was decided upon at an enthusiastic Convention at Chicago, of which we reproduce a number of pictures on this page. But Vice-President Wallace will not run in harness with his present chief, as Senator Harry S. Truman was successful in securing this nomination in the second ballot. The Presidential Election is held every fourth year: the votes of the electors of all the States are opened and counted in January in the presence of both Houses of Congress. Should the President die in office, there is not a new election, as the Vice-President automatically succeeds

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATION which followed Senator Alben Barkley's speech placing President Roosevelt's name in nomination for the Presidency for a fourth term. Placards reading "Roosevelt and Victory" and "Roosevelt and a Lasting Peace" are held aloft by the crowds on the floor of the Convention Hall at Chicago

THE PRESIDENT MAKES HIS "ACCEPTANCE SPEECH." Speaking to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago from his special train at a West Coast naval base which he was visiting. The President's son, Colonel James Roosevelt, and his wife are seen on the right



HOW THE PRESIDENT'S NAME WAS PUT FORWARD. Senator Barkley is here seen on the platform just after his address to the Democratic Convention. The delegates received Mr. Roosevelt's name with great enthusiasm

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE, GOVERNOR THOMAS E. DEWEY, and his graceful wife (*in left-hand picture*). *On the right*—Mr. Dewey talks to members of the Press in the first formal Press Conference he has held since he won the Republican nomination

THE MAN WHO IS TO RUN FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY. Senator Harry S. Truman, who displaces Mr. Wallace in the coming election. He is here seen on the right, with Mrs. Truman and their daughter Margaret. The man shaking Mr. Truman's hand is Mr. James A. Farley, former chairman of the Democratic Party

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE ROMANCE OF THE HIGHLANDS.—Every year since I can remember anything clearly—back in those distant days when the Great Queen still reigned in peace, back through the gaudy Edwardian age—as soon as mid-July came round and the leaves began to fall in Berkeley Square, and the lawns turn brown in Sussex, the yearning for the Highlands began to tear at my heart. In war, as in peace, that yearning still comes punctually.

Why is it that the romance of the Highlands still outshines the romance of the Lake Country, of Cornwall, of North Wales? I have tried to hold an inquest, and it may seem an odd conclusion to come to that it is due to the (comparative) novelty of the disclosure of the long-hidden mysteries of that *terra incognita!*

Yet I believe the answer lies there. There is romance in the scenery of Wales and Cumberland; grim deeds took place there. But these localities were fairly well known to Englishmen when the lands north of Inveraray and Stirling were a closed book to them still. The King's writ ran (or hobbled) in the territories of Argyll, where MacCailein Mor's or his brother Islay's influence was felt. The soldiery of Wade kept it moving as the North Road lengthened beyond Crieff and Stirling, and there was a small circle for its exercise round the home of Forbes of Culloden, by Inverness. But for the rest the Highlands were, beyond the middle of the eighteenth century, when Wade's road was a-making, an unknown, a dreaded and a lawless country. True, among the chiefs of the wild and desperate clansmen there were known to be "semi-civilised" men who quoted Horace in their French brandy-cups and stone-built castles, and ruled with a rod of iron their wild families of clansmen. Once in a way, bold spirits, like Dr. Johnson with his Boswell, penetrated into the mysteries and even published their adventures among scholars and gentlefolk ruling over barbarians, but the truth, or something like it, was not finally revealed until the nineteenth century was well forward, when George IV was king; and then the key was turned in the lock, not by cool statisticians, but by the very kings of Romance.

Walter Scott threw open the door after colouring in vivid tints all the mysteries it had concealed. So it is that Charles Edward, or, indeed, Bruce, Wallace and Montrose, still enjoy far more than their fair share of that romance, which is uncritical sentimentality; and much of the brown heather and grey rock of the Highlands (and of their history) is still warm with the afterglow of romantic writers.

The Prime Causes of Scotland's Pre-Eminence.—In my own case, I might hesitate to accept this explanation. Other charms of the Highlands called me in July. I was mad about shooting, and in those Highlands found always the best chance of satisfying my inordinate appetite. But the same romance affected many others, not so devoted to the sport, for whom the magic of Scott, and not the grouse-moors, brought those pangs of longing when the English leaves began to turn and fall.

There is no good reason why the clan-stones on Culloden Moor, the field of Bannockburn, the legend of Montrose, should be more romantic than Chalgrove Field, Sedgmoor or Marston Moor, or the life and death of Cromwell; yet so they are. And it is novelty that still after 150 years makes them so. The Highlands and their history were guesswork much longer than the history of England, Wales and the Lowlands.

All young men launched on desperate missions are romantic figures. Charles Edward was once young and handsome, yet for most of his life he was but a drunken, pimply sot. And Montrose (and you and I, for that matter) had our brief chapters of charm in youth, and if we had wished to remain romantic, we had better have come to the block before we turned forty. The sottishness of Charles Edward is never remembered; the beauty of Claverhouse, the charm of Montrose, live on no doubt in part because they died young, but in greater part because their surroundings were longer hid in mystery than were those of Falkland and Hampden. The romantic beauty of Highland scenery is notorious. But the Highlands have many competitors in beauty and in wildness. The Alps, the Rhine castles, the mountains of Wales, the Rockies, the Lake Country, the Shalimar River—all and many more beauty spots might claim comparison in beauty of varying kinds—but we Englishmen still see the Highlands and Scotland generally through the rose-coloured spectacles of the first Wizard of Romance, and we allot to Scotland the palm of romantic beauty. If it were not so, if we wore no such spectacles, we might debunk the charming Border Country as somewhat smug and snug nowadays; we might see in the sow of Athole a certain grim ugliness, and even in the still surviving attractions of Loch Katrine most of the depressing evils of a planned Suburbia—in the stormy phrase of my friend, Mr. Goodhart-Rendel, "mummified remains" and varnished relics. It is not so. Despite the motor-coaches, the tea-rooms and the organised tours and paper litter, we still see these places in terms of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Lady of the Lake" and "Rob Roy," and the road to romance lies through Glen Etive and Glen Orchy over Rannock Moor, in company with the heroes of Stevenson and Neil Munro, and other lesser wizards. Somehow or other, these Scottish romance writers found better conditions for getting it across than did their English or Welsh competitors. Even the Kailyard school found in their dingy environment a more fruitful field for rose-colouring than did the southern propagandists of rural life. The Wizard of the North is undisputed master of the Rose-coloured Spectacle-makers Company.

"'Tis Distance Lends Enchantment..."—"To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." The well-worn tag still has some point. I, for one, would not have it otherwise. It is, even to-day, "a far cry to Lochore."

The night journey to Scotland (especially in war-time!) is still long and may bring its discomforts. As a result, the pant of the train up to Drumochter is still the music of romance and the bannocks of Kingussie are still food for the gods.

Beyond, there may wait disillusion, the commonplace, even boredom; but the romance has been enjoyed in anticipation. The road to mid-Wales and the Lakes is shorter and lies across built-up areas. Through these, anticipation and imagination find no breeding-grounds. Scarfell and the Cairngorms, with Scott to back them, do the trick for the Highlands and preserve them as the Cradle of Romance.

In a world that is sick and sad and made dangerous with doodle-bombs, I can still find colour and romance, and hear again the echoing footsteps of my lost youth when I tread platform 13 at Euston half-an-hour before the 7.20 night-mail pulls out into the sunset beyond Harrow-on-the-Hill. When first I took that magic journey, in the Victorian age, I travelled with my clothes in a flat tin footbath, with a hooked candle to fix into the upholstery of the carriage, a leg-rack for my repose and a long foot-warmer formy comfort.

Those were adventurous days. But the romance is not excluded from a first sleeper, if you are so fortunate as to secure one.

And still the milkcans clank and footsteps echo like romantic music at Carlisle. "The sun shines fair on Carlisle Wall and Love will still be Lord of all."

LACOCK ABBEY, in WILTSHIRE, for the NATION

A VIEW OF THE ABBEY, WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY FOUNDED IN 1229, and which now shows an interesting succession of architectural styles. It is the home of Miss Matilda Talbot, who has presented it to the National Trust

THE VILLAGE OF LACOCK, one of the most picturesque in the country, situated in the north-west of Wiltshire, which now becomes national property. The Manor Farm is also included in the presentation, which amounts to 300 acres in all. Lacock Abbey, originally founded by Ela Countess of Salisbury for Augustinian canonesses, shows an interesting succession of architectural styles—early English in the convent buildings; fine Tudor work in the octagonal tower; eighteenth-century Gothic revival in the west front; and early nineteenth-century in the south façade. At the dissolution of the monasteries Henry VIII sold the abbey to Sir William Sharington, who adapted it as a family home and was responsible for the beautiful Tudor work. On his death, he left the property to his niece, Olive, who married John Talbot of Salwarpe, and Lacock has remained in the Talbot family ever since. It was in this house that William Henry Fox Talbot carried out the researches which culminated in his invention of photography in 1839

THE BIRDS OF WAR

And Other News-Items Shown in Pictures Taken in Britain

THE AMERICAN AIR FORCES USE CARRIER-PIGEONS: A soldier who was formerly a member of the American Racing Pigeon Union with "Fighter" and other birds in their loft at Pigeon Headquarters of Troop Carrier Command of the Ninth U.S. Air Force

RELEASING PIGEONS FROM A C-47 GLIDER TUG. In charge of the birds are two soldiers who were formerly identified with pigeon-racing in the United States. Carrier-pigeons from the United States, trained here by American soldiers who were pigeon-fanciers before the war, now carry urgent messages for the American forces in the field. The Ninth Air Force has many breeding-lofts in England, and birds trained for both day and night operations are doing useful work

THE FIRST IN HISTORY. Two motor churches are blessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury before going overseas. The two pictures given here were taken at the recent dedication of the two motor churches of St. George and St. Paul at an R.E.M.E. depot in England. The churches were built by members of the R.E.M.E. and A.T.S. Twelve people can actually sit inside each, but in most cases the service will be held from the church. Each will carry its own padre and driver, and shortly they will be going abroad to travel amongst the troops overseas

THE ARCHBISHOP SPEAKS TO THE MEN WHO BUILT THE MOTOR CHURCHES. The R.E.M.E. and A.T.S. co-operated in this work, the first of its nature to be undertaken by the Army

YOUNG TONY EVERITT IS THE GUEST OF HONOUR of American airmen at their station in England. Tony Everitt is the orphan son of Mrs. Elizabeth Everitt, who gave her life trying to rescue an American airman when his plane crashed at her farm near Saffron Walden, in Essex, recently. He has just been entertained by the airmen who have raised £1,000 as a fund for the boy's future. Tony has been adopted by the Ministry of Pensions, from whom he is now receiving 13s. 6d. a week. Above, he is being lifted from the Army car on his arrival at the station

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT NEAR LONDON—a field of flax. Near Brentwood, in Essex, and less than 20 miles from London, is a field comprising 4½ acres of flax, now neatly "stooked" for drying. The crop is estimated to yield over three tons per acre. Local volunteers have helped in the work of hand-pulling this very useful product. Above, an expert is seeing that the drying of the "stook" is proceeding satisfactorily

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

The LATEST SELECTION of NEW WORKS

Nineteenth-Century Surgery; British Agriculture; The Story of Three Brilliant Women; The Waafs, a Survey of Canada, and a Thriller

I DON'T know what the form is in other European countries or in Latin America, but in English-speaking and reading countries it is usually a sure bet that a reasonably good novel, or a fairly authentic book of memoirs about a doctor, or medical life in general, will sell well. Many of them have been spectacular best-sellers and not always on sheer literary merit. The "human case-book" type of fiction counts its devotees by the hundred thousand, and even the accounts of scientists' struggles against great odds have their worthy admirers.

In other words, and more briefly, **IT CAME TO PASS** (Stanley Paul. 9s. 6d.), the story of a young doctor's fight in the nineteenth century to establish what were then revolutionary methods in surgery, is just this kind of novel, and with it Mr. Sidney Fairway is likely to have a success on his hands.

The story opens more than 100 years ago with a boy from Shropshire fired with the idea of adopting surgery as a career. Having watched the amputation of his own father's leg without anæsthetic, he is filled with a determination to conquer both pain and the hideous results of unhygienic conditions.

THE MEN WHO ARE PLANNING THE NEW LONDON. Mr. F. J. Forty, the forty-four-year-old Yorkshire-born City Engineer who has submitted the plan for the new City of London (depicted in last week's issue of *The Sphere*), is on the right. On the left is Mr. Richard Meldrum, late Chairman of City Improvement and Town Planning, with Mr. Claud W. Dennis, the present Chairman. Mr. Alfred T. Roach, Town Clerk, is in the centre

Young Rufus is apprenticed first to a chemist, later to a London doctor, and finally qualifies after years of unremitting work.

Once qualified, he starts on his mission of proving that operations can be successfully performed under anæsthetic. After a few years he sells his practice and goes to Vienna, where he studies new methods of hygiene. On his return to hospital work in London, Rufus finds that his career is in danger from a jealous colleague, and sets out for the Crimea, where, under the influence of Florence Nightingale, he regains his confidence and makes a great reputation as a surgeon in the front lines.

This time return to England means a minor triumph, which is suitably crowned by a successful operation on a minor royalty. Rufus marries his first love and settles down to the work to which his life had been dedicated since boyhood. Mr. Fairway writes with a direct forcefulness that suits his subject, but which never attempts to mitigate the horrors he describes in the course of the plot's logical development. I would venture a small bet on this book's immediate success.

In **CHARTER FOR THE SOIL** (Faber. 10s. 6d.), Mr. John Drummond propounds a new theory for British agriculture, which, he holds, needs the innovation of "flavour farms." The term is odd, but the plan behind it is worth considering. Mr. Drummond is opposed to nationalisation of the land, or of too great a degree of Government control of farmers; his scheme would be for groups of farms, a little reminiscent of the Russian collective farm plan, but in this case more or less dependent on a central supply base which would provide machinery, organisation and the necessary experimental and fabricating plants.

His book opens with a survey, and not a particularly enthusiastic one, of farms in different localities. First of all, a Kentish farm whose surroundings would appear idyllic to the layman or townsman, but where Mr. Drummond detects such faults as uncut hedges, apple-trees sprayed too late and fermented haystacks. His next visit takes him to a place which he describes as a very close approach to *Cold Comfort Farm*, where even the neophyte could discover a few things wrong with the tumbledown barns mended with chipped iron advertisements, and a yard where "all the mud of last-war France put down on the beach at Southend would have nothing on this."

Next comes the place of a business-man turned farmer; a fairly new trend but a growing one, and one which may forecast an optimistic future for British agriculture, since it is likely that these gentlemen must consider farming an investment for the future, and not regard it in the light of that stage character who once said of his farm that it was "only a toy, but thank Heaven for it!" Pig farms, poultry farms, milk farms, Fen farms and Scottish farms are all discussed before the author approaches his main thesis to which I have referred.

All his observations and conclusions are made in the spirit which he defines in his first few lines: "I am a small Scottish laird, brought up in the traditional school of small Scottish lairds, who have struggled along father to son for the last 700 or 800 years, hoping for the best. We have thus been through all the systems, right down from the feudal. In 1928 I came to the conclusion that the landlord-tenant combination was played out. I devised a new system to replace it. . . ." Read it, and see if you agree with him.

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is the story of two remarkable women and their even more distinguished mother. Miss Hilda Martindale, whose book this is, writes of her mother and her sister as if such a free and pioneering spirit as they had were a usual thing in the early Victorian age, and as if a brilliant career in medicine or in the Home Office were commonplaces for even the most ambitious women.

Louisa Spicer was born in 1839 of a liberal-minded Congregationalist family who were much travelled and who lived in what used to be called "a large way" in a big house on Denmark Hill, entertaining their friends, many of whom were missionaries from all parts of the world. Louisa, who was the most beautiful of four sisters, married William Martindale in 1871, but two years later he died, leaving her with two baby girls.

Louisa's methods of education for these two children were unique in her time. She took them to live in Germany and Switzerland, and from an early age encouraged them to train for professions. On her return to England she herself was interested in women's suffrage and in the improvement of conditions for working girls. It was this last preoccupation that was to be most closely shared by the author of these memoirs, who took up child-welfare work, and became eventually the first English woman Inspector of Factories in Ireland.

In 1933, after thirty years of factory work, Miss Martindale went to the Treasury as Director of Women's Establishments, one of the highest posts in the Civil Service. Since her retirement from that appointment, she has lectured, written and been a member of innumerable commissions and boards.

Miss Martindale's book, although quite exceptionally impersonal—the only criticism I have to make of it—is a profoundly interesting document.

With detective fiction, I am all for books in which the action starts as from page one, line one, and therefore Mr. Anthony Gilbert has all my votes when he opens his new novel with the words: "When dusk had fallen, the hunted man came out of the wood where he had been hiding and began to make his way across country." Now we know where we are, from a reader's point of view, even if the hunted man doesn't, and we can settle down comfortably.

HE CAME BY NIGHT (Collins. 8s. 6d.) rewards this expectant attitude by being an excellent thriller, with all the trappings of deserted churchyards, family curses, blitzed and gas-filled basements, and a very nice line in murderers. The book never lags, and is among my recommendations.

AN A.T.S. ENTERTAINER WHO IS GOING TO FRANCE. Private Janet Brown comes from Glasgow: she is one of three A.T.S. girls who are going to France to entertain the troops—the advance party of a group of twenty. In this picture Subaltern Isabel Birmingham is putting the finishing touches to one of Private Brown's dresses

One of the most striking records of women's war activities in this country has just been published in collaboration with the Air Ministry. **THE W.A.A.F. IN ACTION** (A. and C. Black. 6s.) tells the story of the immensely valuable wartime effort of these women, for the most part in photographs.

Everything from bombing-up to the comforting cup of tea comes within that span, and many of them have been trained to jobs requiring the greatest scientific accuracy, or the most advanced grasp of mathematics, but, as "H. E. B." remarks in a comprehensive though short introduction, "The pictures have one important thing in common. The women in them, though a little differently dressed and coiffured than Tennyson's golden-haired graduates, are still unmistakably feminine."

Mr. William H. Chamberlin has written an important survey of one of the great Dominions, and the fact that, as an American, he has primarily intended it for the information of his own countrymen makes it no less authoritative from the standpoint of English readers. **CANADA TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW** (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is a competent appraisal of that country at the present time, and gives the writer's answers to such questions as Canada's attitude to the United States, the position of her powerful French minority and the problems of her post-war economics.

The fact that the book was finished in 1942 makes it in some senses incomplete, but on the whole it is reasoned and objective, and a valuable contribution to the literature on our Dominions overseas.

A HOME-FROM-HOME FOR EVACUEE DOGS. Thousands of dogs of every breed who have had to be given up—at least temporarily—by their evacuated owners have now passed through an animal's hospital in Victoria, London, and are living in new homes in safe areas. The hospital has a long list of people waiting to take care of an evacuated dog, a soldier's dog or a dog found wandering, and arranges their journey from London to places far from flying bombs. In the picture above, kennel-maids are seen fixing labels on animals ready to leave the hospital for their new homes

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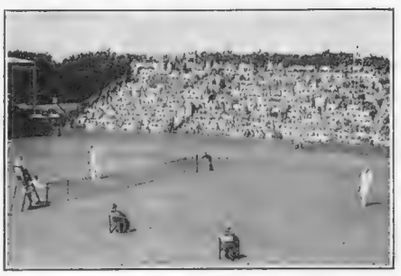

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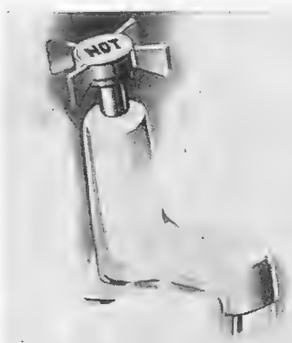

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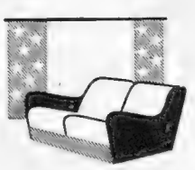

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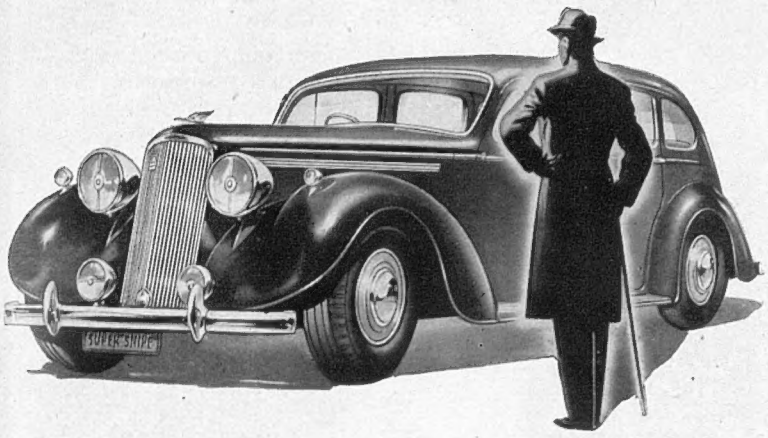

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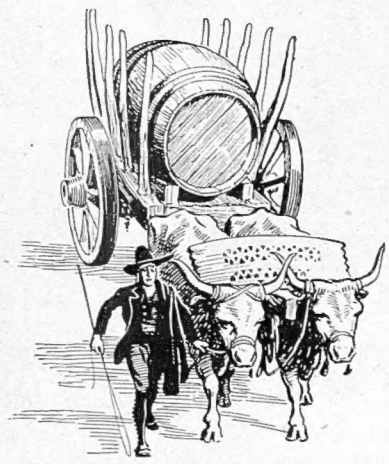

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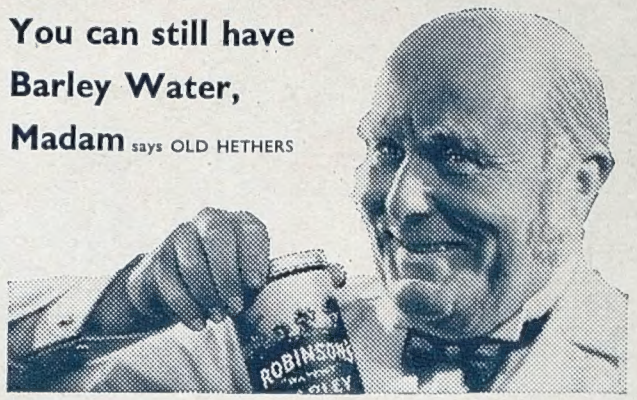

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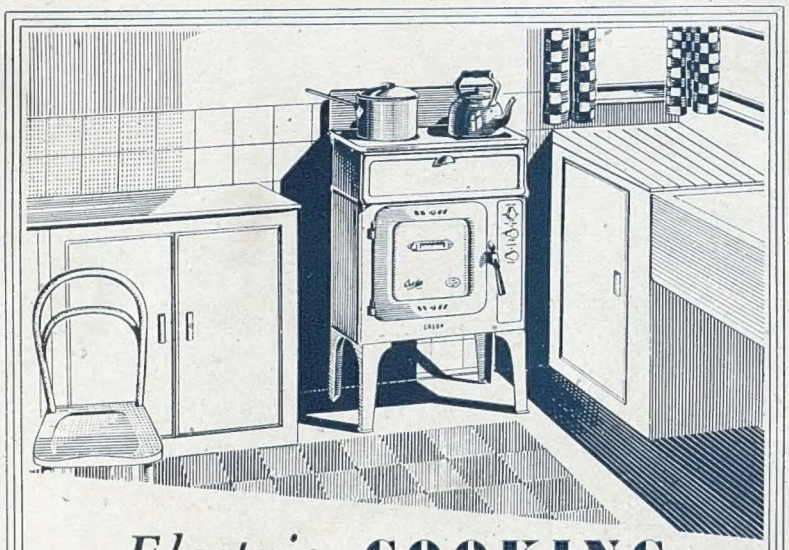

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